CLASSICS Illustrated

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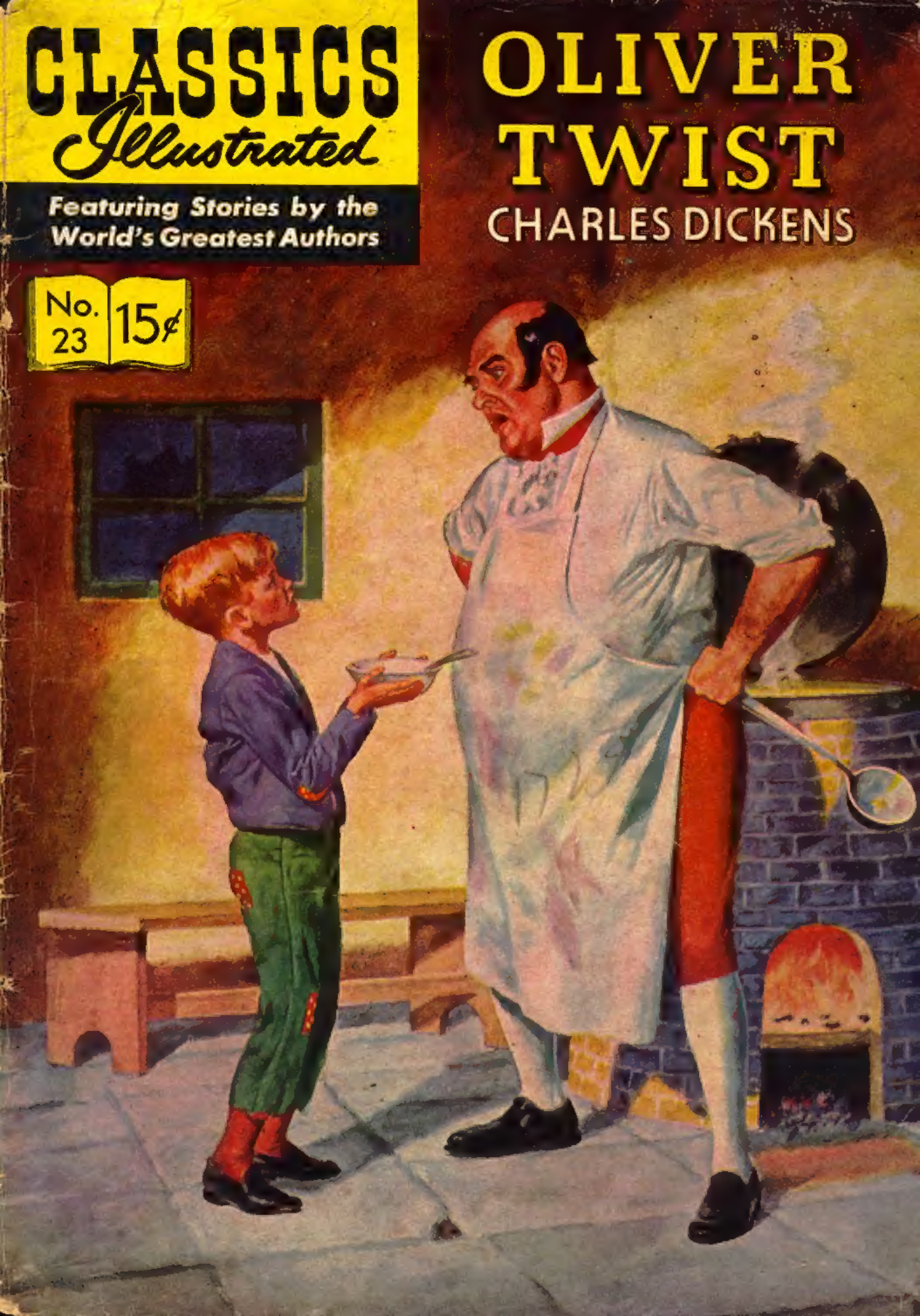
No. 23 15¢

OLIVER TWIST

CHARLES DICKENS



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WHO AM I?

I am a famous literary character. Can you guess my name from the clues below? Rate your familiarity with me as follows: If you can identify me from CLUE I, your score is superior; from CLUE II — excellent; from CLUE III—very good; from CLUE IV—good; from CLUE V—fair. If after CLUE V you still cannot identify me, I suggest you read the exciting story in which I appear.

CLUE I: I first met Sir Henry Curtis aboard a ship, the *Dunkeld*, where he told me a strange story about his brother who had mysteriously disappeared in Natal, South Africa.

CLUE II: I decided to help Sir Henry search for his brother. Three white men and five natives volunteered to aid us. We set out at the end of January, 1891. We journeyed through treacherous jungles, with death lurking at every turn.

CLUE III: We crossed a mountain and made our way down the other side. Before us lay a valley. Suddenly we were face to face with warlike natives. But they had never seen guns before. After shooting an antelope with my rifle, I was able to convince them we were gods.

CLUE IV: The natives took us to their king. It was there that I met the evil old witch, Gagool. The king forced her to lead us to some mines where Sir Henry's brother had been traveling. When we reached our destination it was like walking through a tomb. We saw the bodies of past kings petrified over the years. Finally we came to a cavern which was filled with magnificent jewels.

CLUE V: In our excitement, we failed to notice that the old witch was trying to escape. But she was killed by her own treachery, in a trap she had set for us. After taking some of the precious jewels, we decided to leave and resume our search for Sir Henry's brother. But it soon became apparent that we were lost. We would be buried alive in the mines. The exciting climax of my story can be found in the novel, *King Solomon's Mines* by H. Rider Haggard.

ALLAN QUATERMAIN

CLASSICS *Illustrated* . . . JULY, 1945 . . . Number 23 . . . Published monthly except February, May, August and November by GILBERTON COMPANY, 510 Sixth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y. . . . Subscription, $1.50 for 10 issues. . . Entered as second-class matter March 10, 1943. Reentered as second-class matter March 10, 1944, at the post office of New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. ALBERT W. RAYMOND, Editor, HARRY M. ADLER, Managing Editor.

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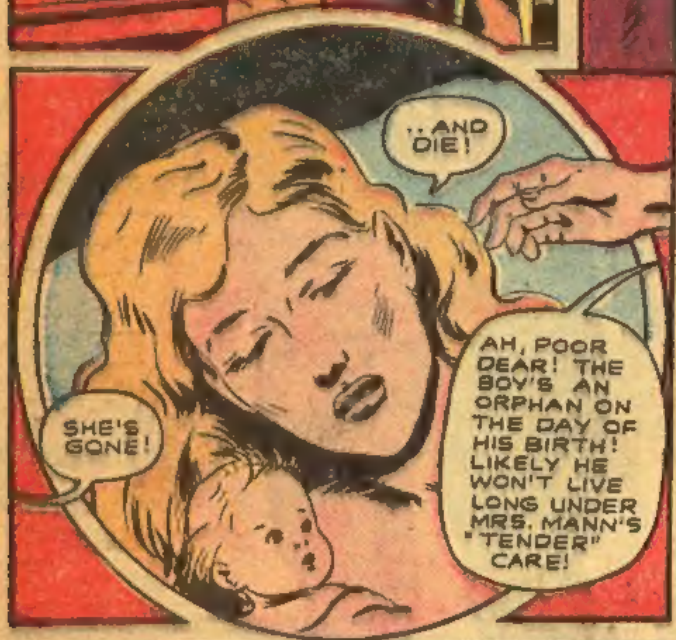
Oliver Twist

By Charles Dickens

ANOTHER WORKHOUSE BOY IS BORN.. NO NAME, NO MONEY.. ANOTHER EXPENSE FOR THE COUNTRY!
HOW THIN AND FRAIL HE IS.. JUST LIKE HIS POOR MOTHER!

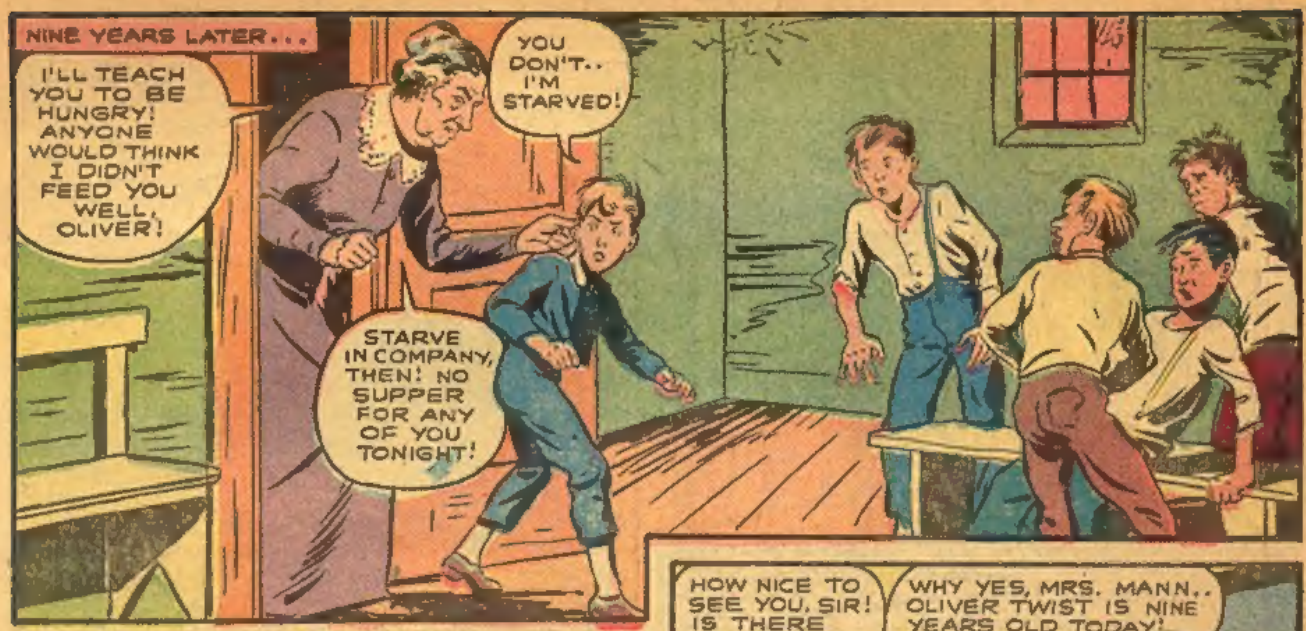
'LET ME LOOK AT MY CHILD..


..AND DIE!
SHE'S GONE!
AH, POOR DEAR! THE BOY'S AN ORPHAN ON THE DAY OF HIS BIRTH! LIKELY HE WON'T LIVE LONG UNDER MRS. MANN'S "TENDER" CARE!

MRS. MANN.. GUARDIAN OF PARISH CHILDREN...
WOULDN'T THE PARISH AUTHORITIES BE AMAZED IF THEY COULD SEE THIS? I'LL NOT BE POOR IN MY OLD AGE IF I CAN HELP IT! LET THE ORPHANS GO HUNGRY.. IT WON'T HURT THEM!
WHY DOES SOMEONE ALWAYS RING THE BELL WHEN I'M BUSY?

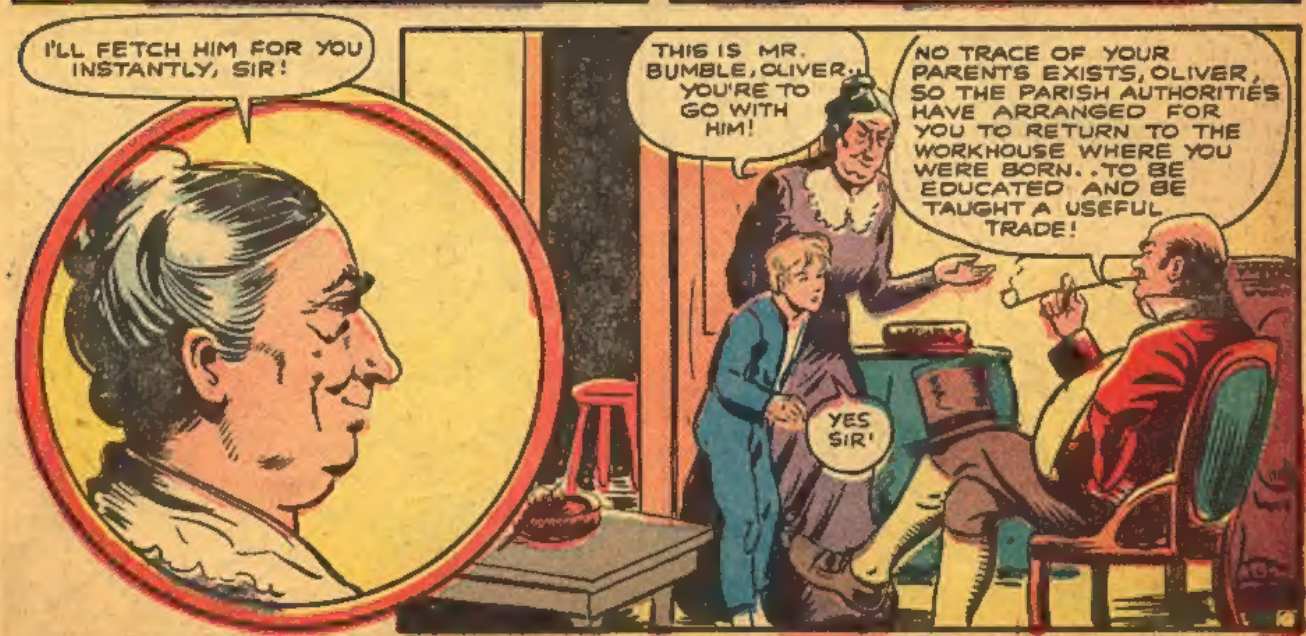
ANOTHER DEAR LITTLE ORPHAN, BLESS IT! WHAT'S ITS NAME, MR BUMBLE, SIR?
I NAMED HIM MYSELF. THE LAST TWO WERE R AND S. THIS WAS A T.. SO I NAMED HIM TWIST, OLIVER TWIST! BRING THE BRAT UP NICELY, MRS MANN!

BRING HIM UP NICELY?! THE PARISH ONLY ALLOWS ME A FEW PENNIES A WEEK TO FEED AND CLOTHE HIM.. BUT I'LL MAKE IT DO.. SOMEHOW!

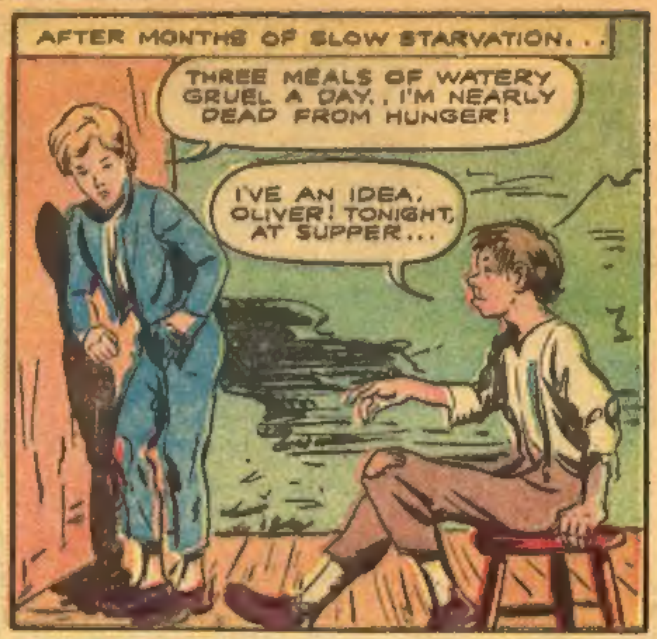

NINE YEARS LATER...
I'LL TEACH YOU TO BE HUNGRY! ANYONE WOULD THINK I DIDN'T FEED YOU WELL, OLIVER!
YOU DON'T.. I'M STARVED!
STARVE IN COMPANY, THEN! NO SUPPER FOR ANY OF YOU TONIGHT!

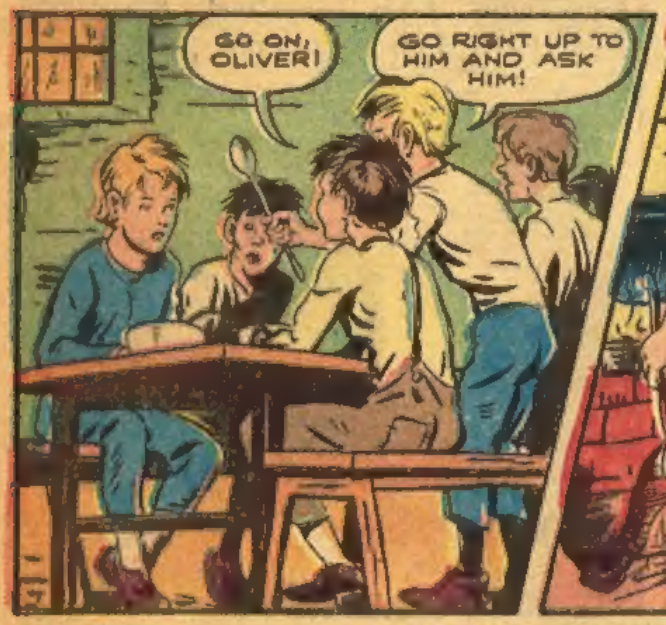
NOW FOR A DROP OF GIN! THE INGRATITUDE OF THOSE ORPHANS!
OH, DEAR ME! HERE COMES MR. BUMBLE!

HOW NICE TO SEE YOU, SIR! IS THERE SOMETHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?
WHY YES, MRS. MANN.. OLIVER TWIST IS NINE YEARS OLD TODAY! I'M TAKING HIM FROM YOU..WE HAVE BETTER USE FOR HIM THAN TO LET HIM LANGUISH HERE IN "LUXURY".. HO! HO!


I'LL FETCH HIM FOR YOU INSTANTLY, SIR!
THIS IS MR. BUMBLE, OLIVER.. YOU'RE TO GO WITH HIM!
NO TRACE OF YOUR PARENTS EXISTS, OLIVER, SO THE PARISH AUTHORITIES HAVE ARRANGED FOR YOU TO RETURN TO THE WORKHOUSE WHERE YOU WERE BORN..TO BE EDUCATED AND BE TAUGHT A USEFUL TRADE!
YES SIR!

WELL, OLIVER, THIS IS YOUR NEW HOME.. IT'S A REFORM SCHOOL FOR DESPERATE CHARACTERS. HA! HA!
IF I DON'T GET SOMETHING TO EAT SOON.. I WILL BE DESPERATE!
PARISH WORKHOUSE


AFTER MONTHS OF SLOW STARVATION...
THREE MEALS OF WATERY GRUEL A DAY.. I'M NEARLY DEAD FROM HUNGER!
I'VE AN IDEA, OLIVER! TONIGHT, AT SUPPER...


GO ON, OLIVER!
GO RIGHT UP TO HIM AND ASK HIM!

PLEASE, SIR, I WANT SOME MORE!
WHAT!!

MR. BUMBLE. SIR, COME QUICKLY!
OW! OUCH!

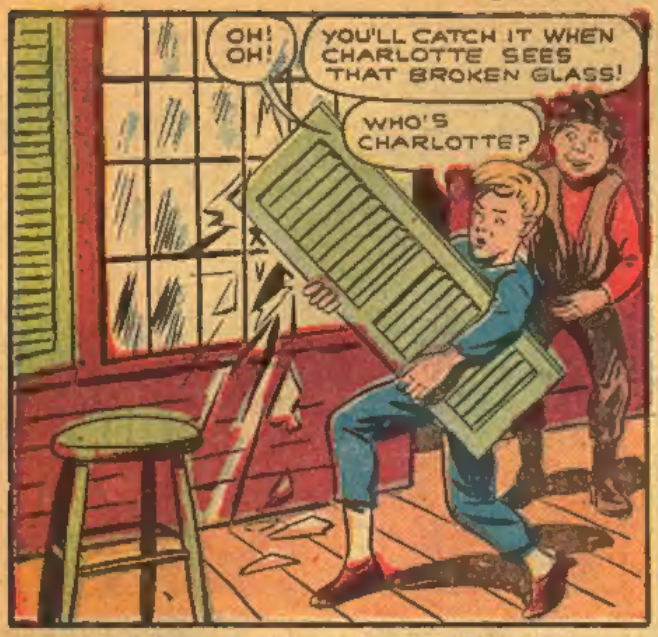
AND HE ACTUALLY ASKED FOR MORE!
THIS IS TOO MUCH! WE'LL TURN YOU OUT INTO THE STREETS, YOU UNGRATEFUL YOUNG WRETCH! WE WILL POST A NOTICE IMMEDIATELY!

NEXT MORNING...
"APPRENTICE!" SLAVE, THEY MEAN! I'LL TAKE OLIVER TWIST AND MAKE HIM ASSISTANT UNDER-TAKER, HA!
BE IT KNOWN THAT OLIVER TWIST OF THIS WORKHOUSE IS OFFERED AS APPRENTICE TO ANY TRADE, BUSINESS OR CALLING. FIVE POUNDS REWARD TO WHOEVER TAKES HIM!

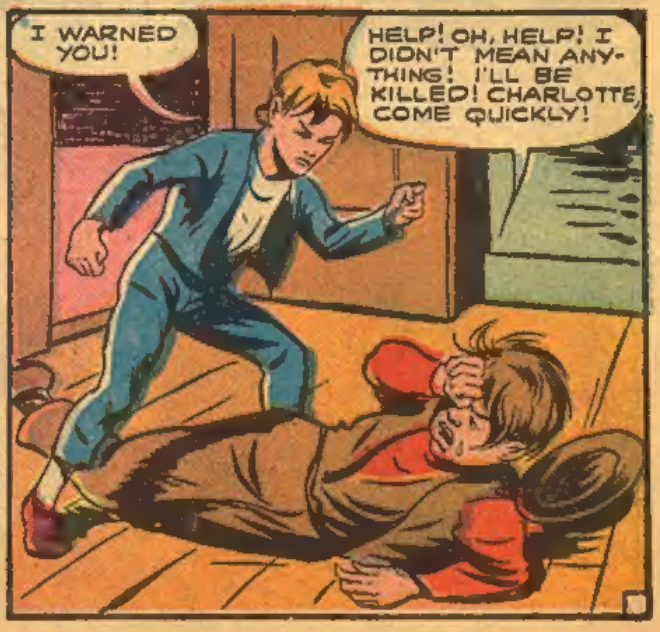
HURRY! HURRY! I'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME!
BOOKS

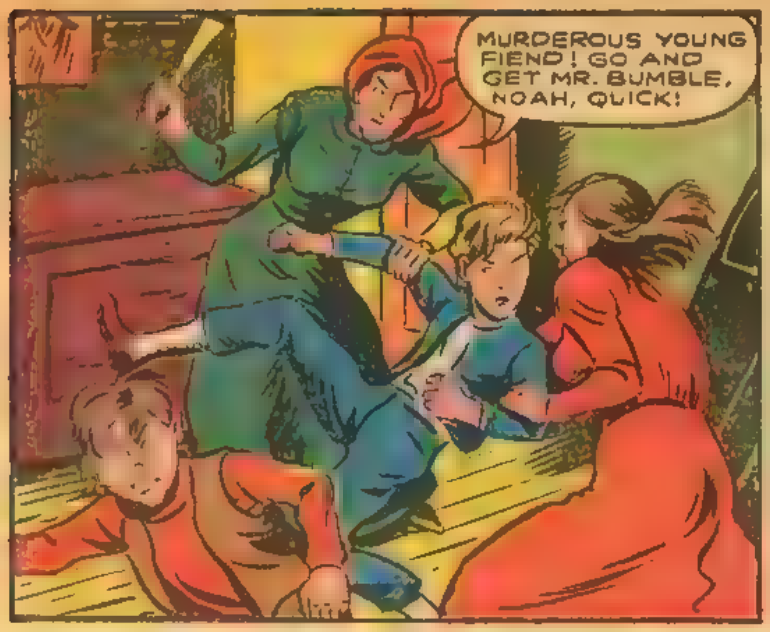
THIS IS OLIVER TWIST FROM THE WORKHOUSE, MY DEAR!
HE'S VERY SMALL! YOUR BED'S UNDER THE COUNTER!

BUT.. NEXT MORNING...
I'M MISTER NOAH CLAYPOLE! I HELP MR. SOWERBERRY.. AND YOU'LL HELP ME! TAKE DOWN THE SHUTTERS..AND MIND YOU DON'T BREAK THEM!
YES.. YES, SIR!

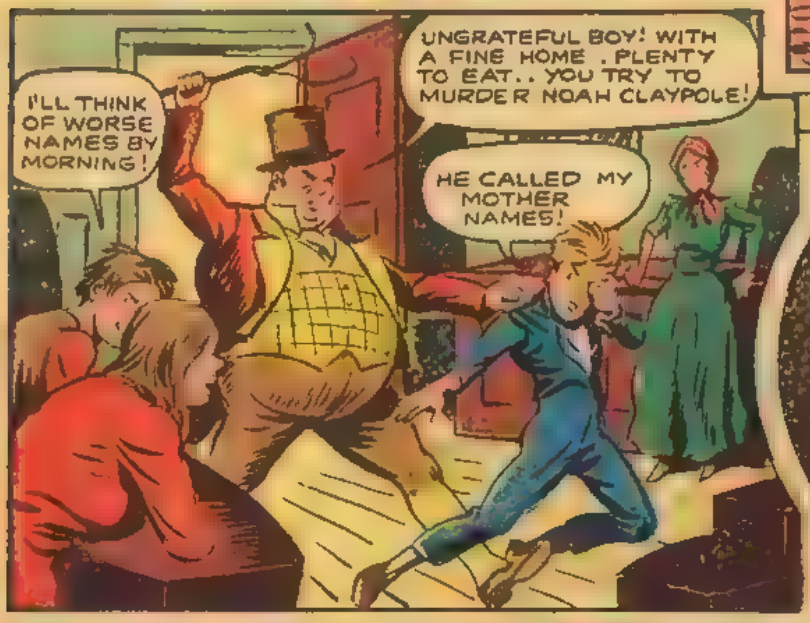


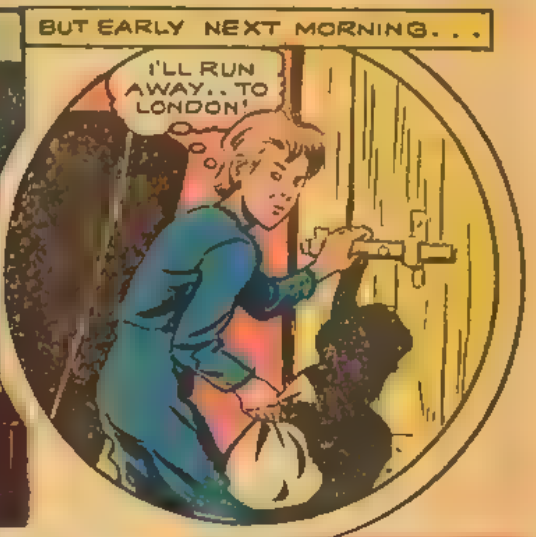
MR. SOWERBERRY SOON MADE OLIVER A PROFESSIONAL MOURNER. HE ATTENDED FUNERALS OF PEOPLE WHO DIED IN SQUALID DWELLINGS. THE SMELL OF DEATH WAS EVER IN HIS NOSTRILS.. CORPSES WERE HIS CONSTANT COMPANIONS. AS COFFINS WERE LOWERED INTO THE WAITING EARTH, OLIVER WOULD PRAY THAT HE TOO COULD DIE TO ESCAPE SUCH A MELANCHOLY LIFE. HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A MOURNER FOREVER.. BUT.. ONE MORNING SOME MONTHS LATER...




MURDEROUS YOUNG FIEND! GO AND GET MR. BUMBLE, NOAH, QUICK!

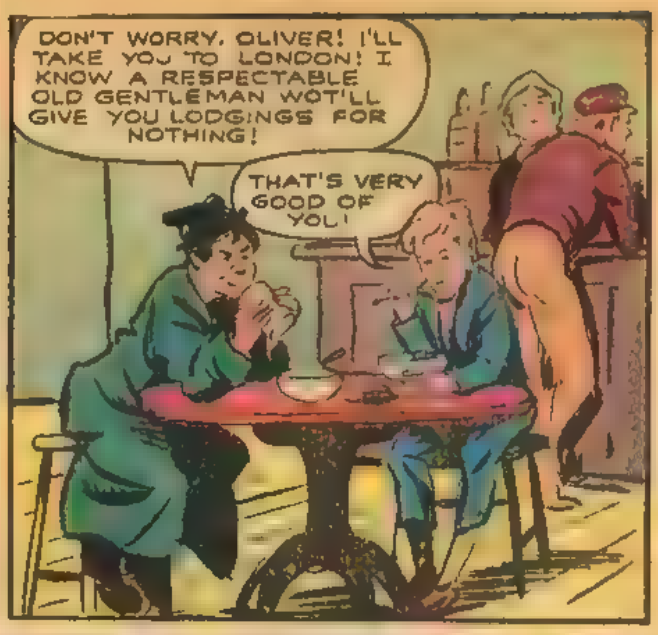
...SO MRS. SOWERBERRY WANTS YOU TO FLOG OLIVER.. 'CAUSE MR. SOWERBERRY'S AWAY!
CERTAINLY, NOAH, CERTAINLY!


I'LL THINK OF WORSE NAMES BY MORNING!
UNGRATEFUL BOY! WITH A FINE HOME . PLENTY TO EAT.. YOU TRY TO MURDER NOAH CLAYPOLE!
HE CALLED MY MOTHER NAMES!


BUT EARLY NEXT MORNING...
I'LL RUN AWAY.. TO LONDON!

HOW MUCH FURTHER TO LONDON?
MILES AND MILES, YOUNG MAN!

I CAN'T GO FURTHER WITHOUT FOOD!
THIS MIGHT BE A BOY FAGIN CAN USE!



LATE THAT EVENING.. LONDON...

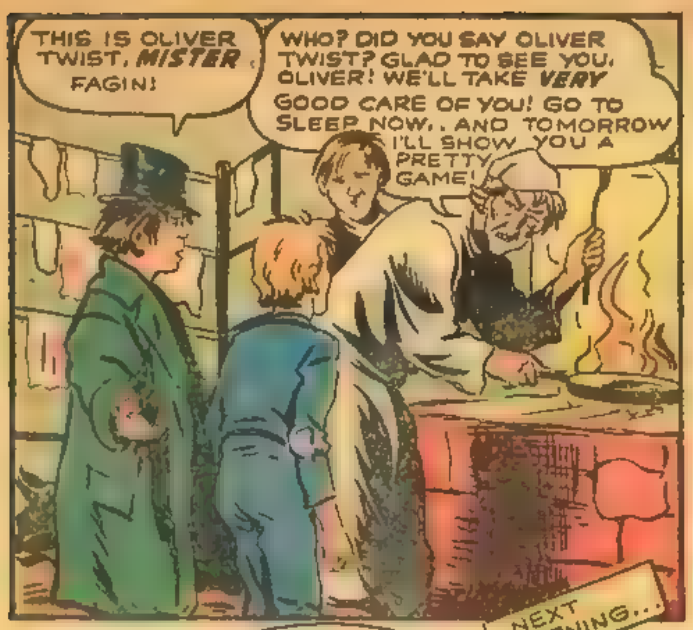
'ERE WE ARE!

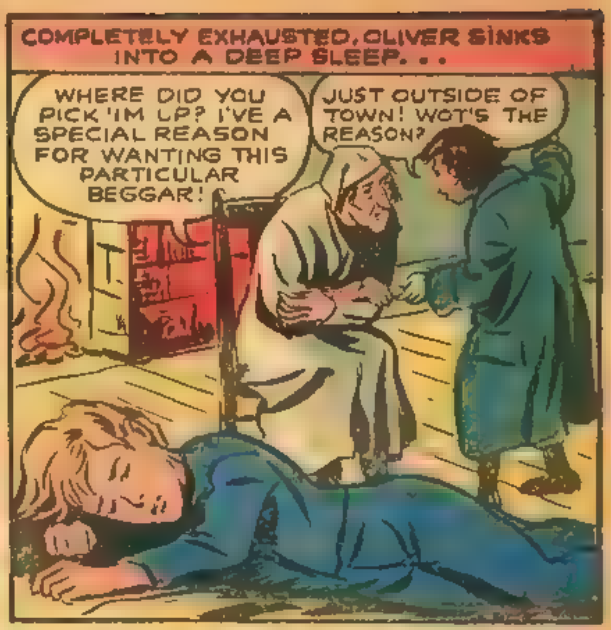
ARE..ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE PLACE?

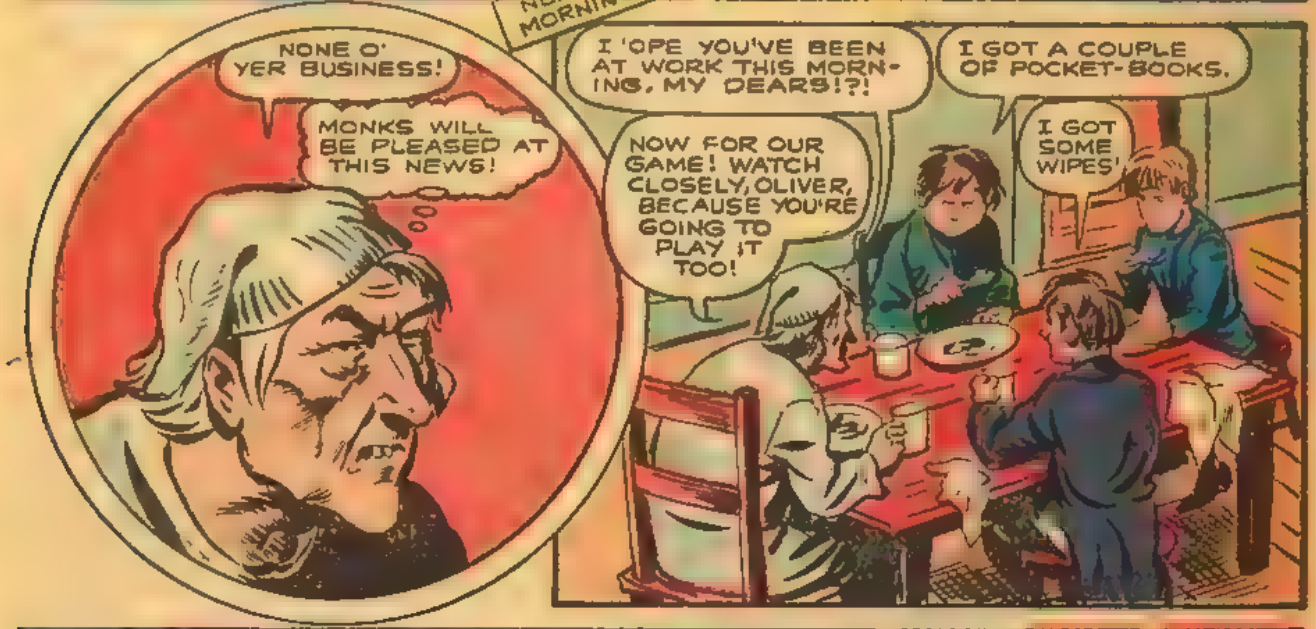
'OME! STEP INSIDE, ME PRECIOUS OLIVER!

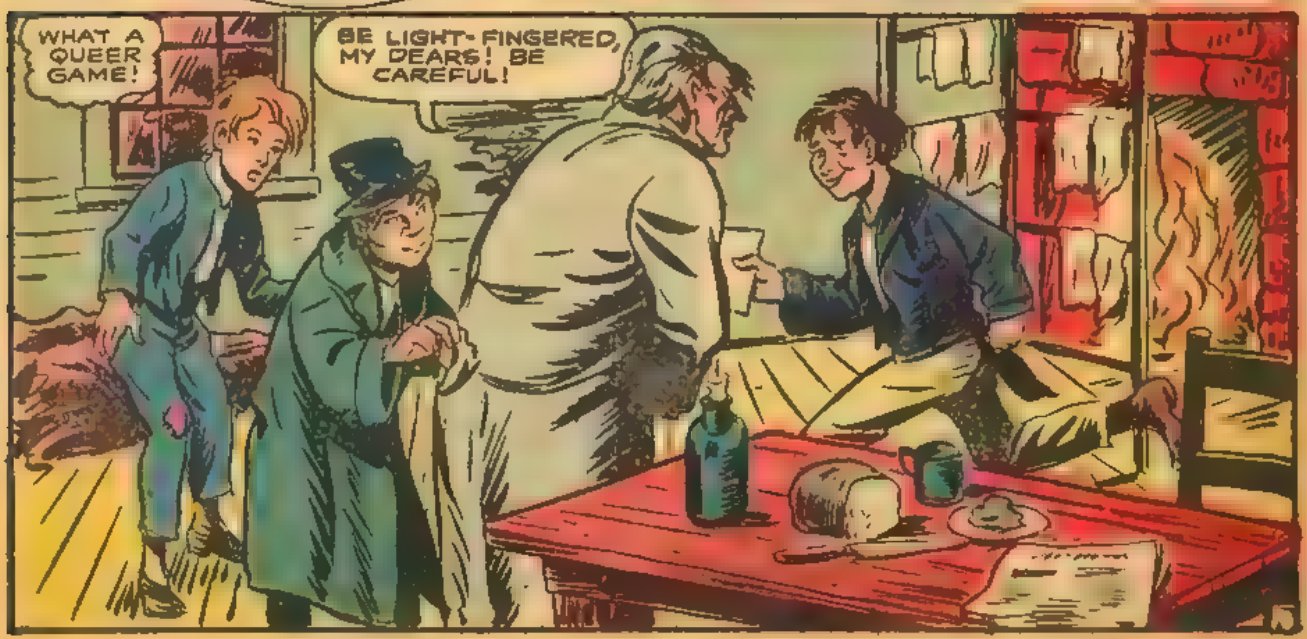
ARE YOU SURE THE OLD GENTLEMAN WILL BE GLAD TO SEE ME?

HE WILL, ME BUCKO! WHEN YOU PASS THROUGH THIS DOOR.. YOUR WHOLE LIFE WILL BE DIFFERENT!

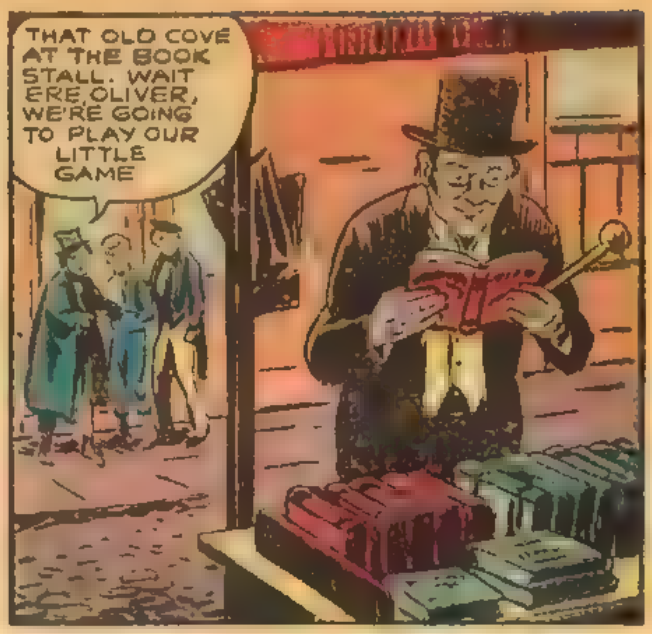

THIS IS OLIVER TWIST, MISTER FAGIN!
WHO? DID YOU SAY OLIVER TWIST? GLAD TO SEE YOU, OLIVER! WE'LL TAKE VERY GOOD CARE OF YOU! GO TO SLEEP NOW.. AND TOMORROW I'LL SHOW YOU A PRETTY GAME!


COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED, OLIVER SINKS INTO A DEEP SLEEP...
WHERE DID YOU PICK 'IM UP? I'VE A SPECIAL REASON FOR WANTING THIS PARTICULAR BEGGAR!
JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN! WOT'S THE REASON?

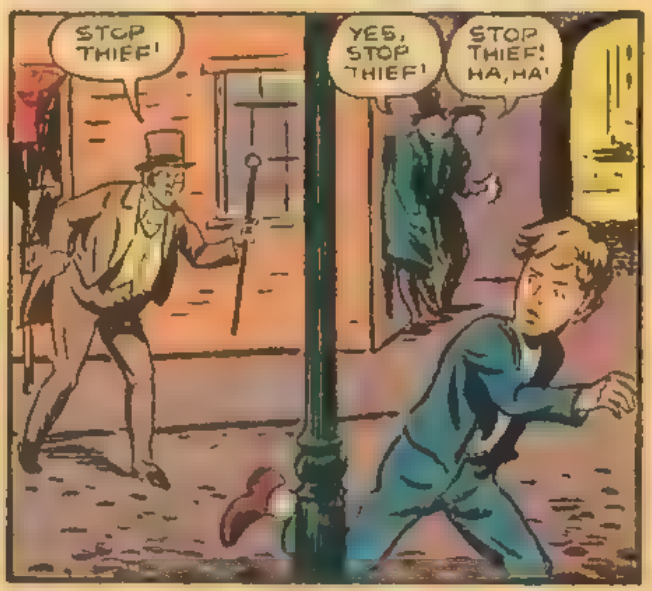

NEXT MORNING...
NONE O' YER BUSINESS!
MONKS WILL BE PLEASED AT THIS NEWS!
I 'OPE YOU'VE BEEN AT WORK THIS MORNING, MY DEARS!?!
I GOT A COUPLE OF POCKET-BOOKS.
I GOT SOME WIPES!
NOW FOR OUR GAME! WATCH CLOSELY, OLIVER, BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY IT TOO!

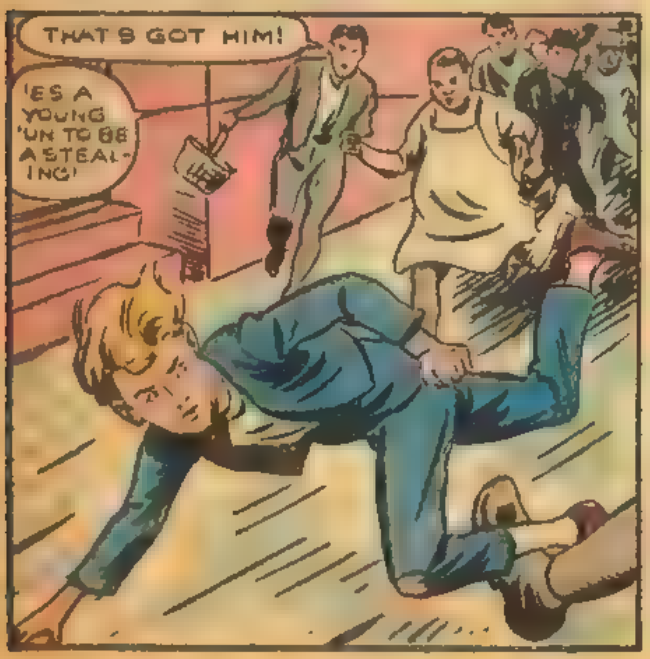

WHAT A QUEER GAME!
BE LIGHT-FINGERED, MY DEARS! BE CAREFUL!

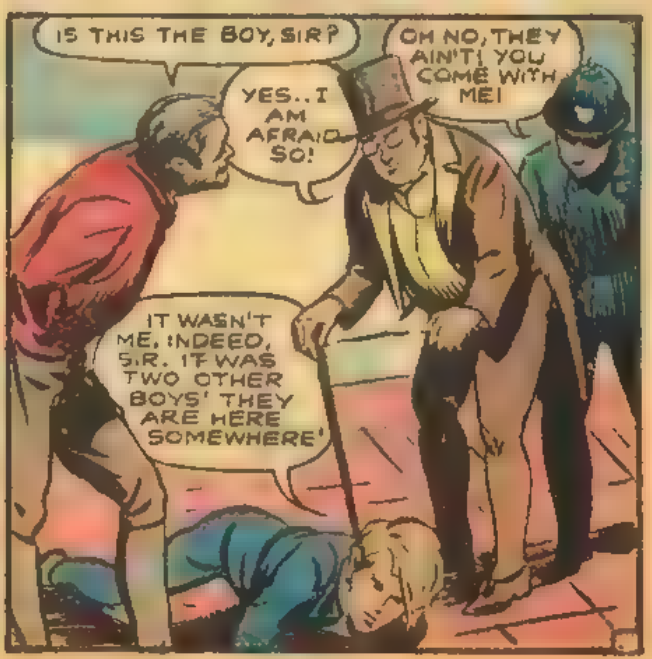
SOME WEEKS LATER...
WELL, IF IT ISN'T NAN AND BET! SAY "HOW-DE-DO" TO YOUNG OLIVER TWIST!
YES, I HOPE SO!
I'M NANCY, OLIVER!
AND I'M BET.. I HEAR YOU'RE GOING OUT TO-DAY, OLIVER.. TO GET SOME FRESH AIR!

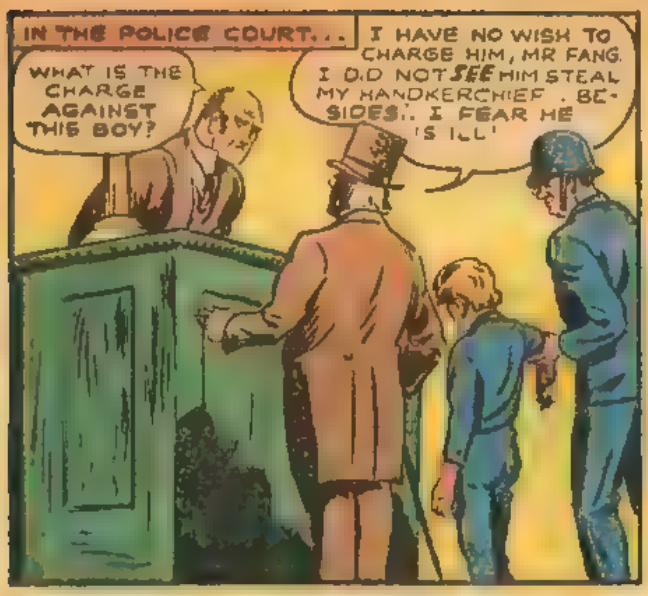

THAT OLD COVE AT THE BOOK STALL. WAIT ERE, OLIVER, WE'RE GOING TO PLAY OUR LITTLE GAME

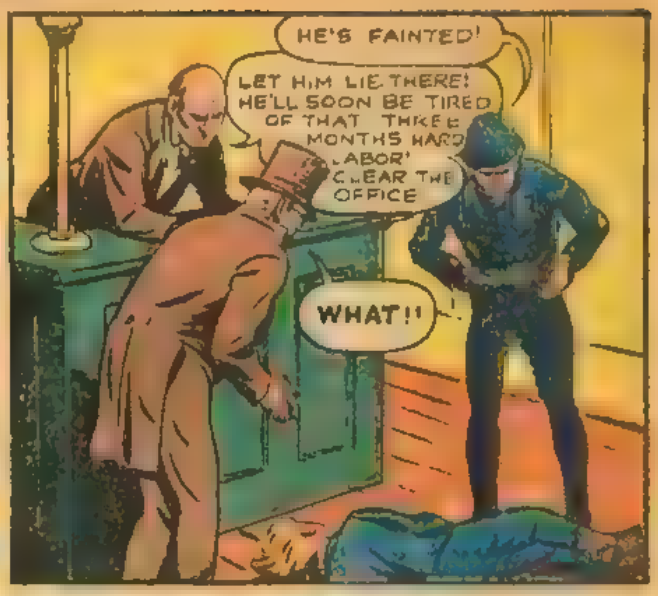
THEY'RE STEALING! I'LL RUN TO THE POLICE!

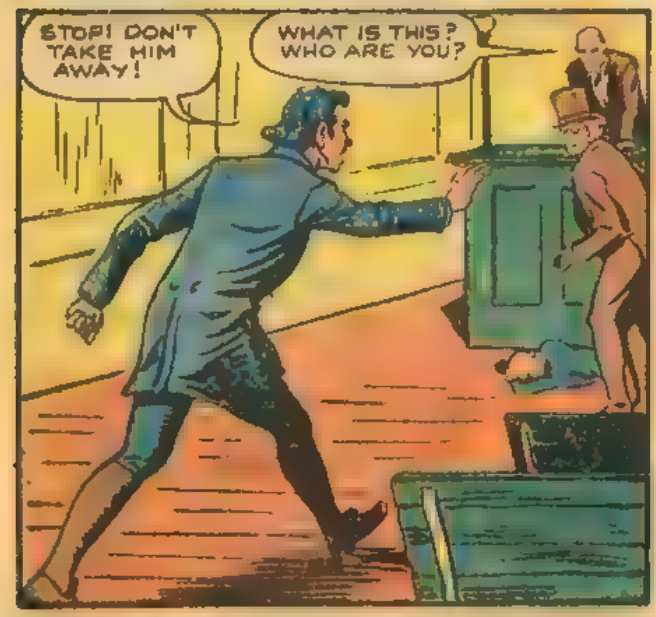

STOP THIEF!
YES, STOP THIEF!
STOP THIEF! HA, HA!


THAT'S GOT HIM!
'ES A YOUNG 'UN TO BE A STEAL-ING!

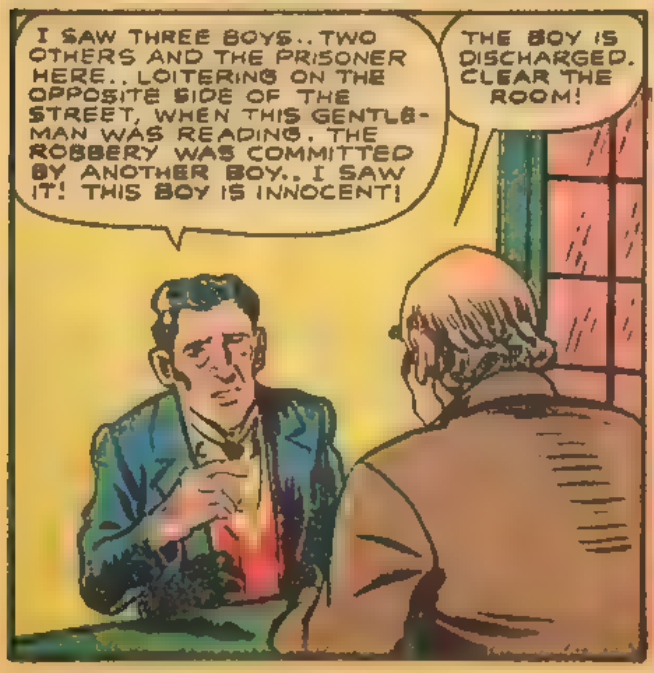

IS THIS THE BOY, SIR?
YES.. I AM AFRAID SO!
OH NO, THEY AIN'T! YOU COME WITH ME!
IT WASN'T ME, INDEED, SIR. IT WAS TWO OTHER BOYS! THEY ARE HERE SOMEWHERE!

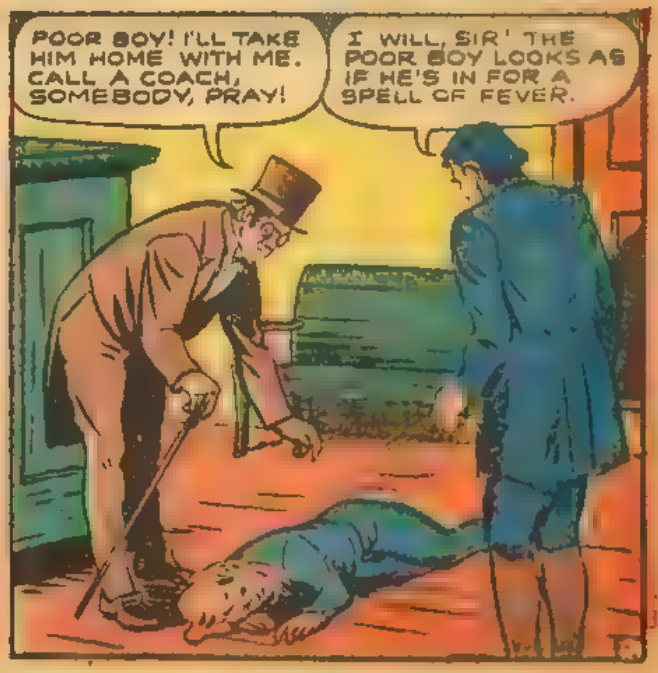

IN THE POLICE COURT...
WHAT IS THE CHARGE AGAINST THIS BOY?
I HAVE NO WISH TO CHARGE HIM, MR FANG. I DID NOT SEE HIM STEAL MY HANDKERCHIEF . BESIDES.. I FEAR HE 'S ILL!

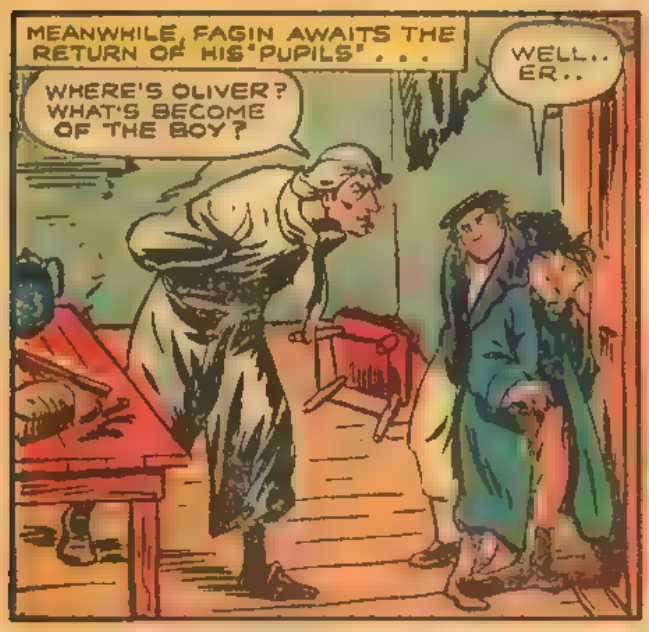

HE'S FAINTED!
LET HIM LIE THERE! HE'LL SOON BE TIRED OF THAT THREE MONTHS HARD LABOR! CLEAR THE OFFICE
WHAT!!


STOP! DON'T TAKE HIM AWAY!
WHAT IS THIS? WHO ARE YOU?

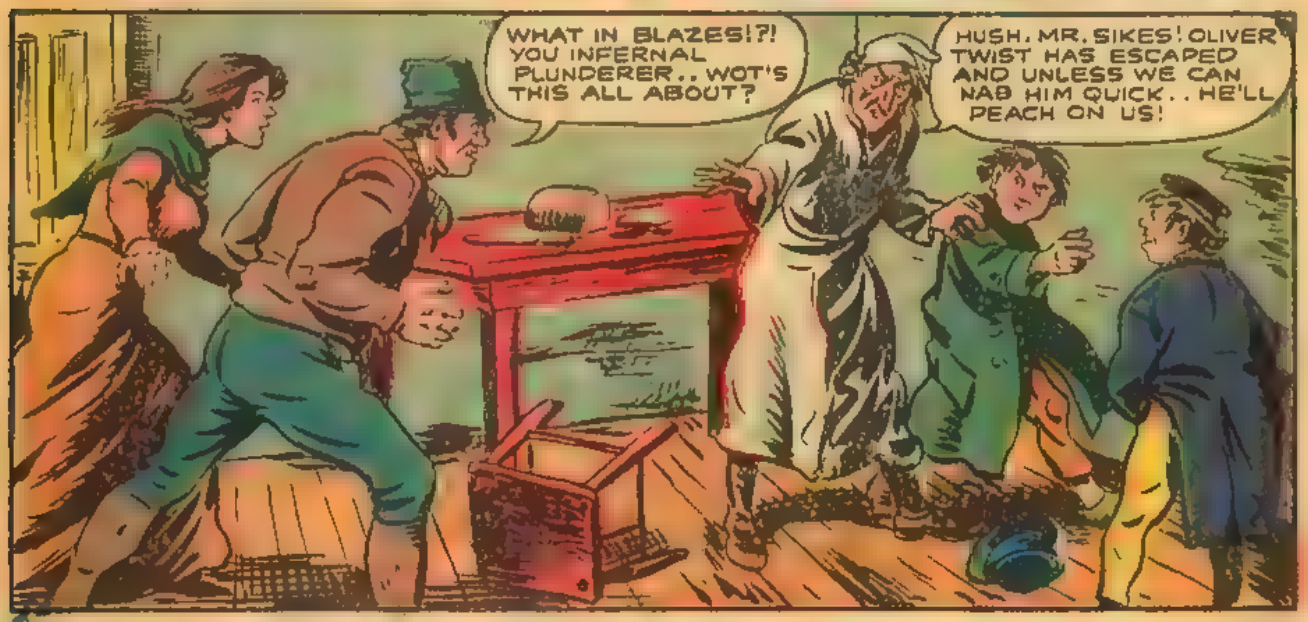
I KEEP THE BOOK-STALL..I SAW IT ALL! MR. FANG, YOU MUST HEAR ME! YOU MUST NOT REFUSE, SIR!
WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY?

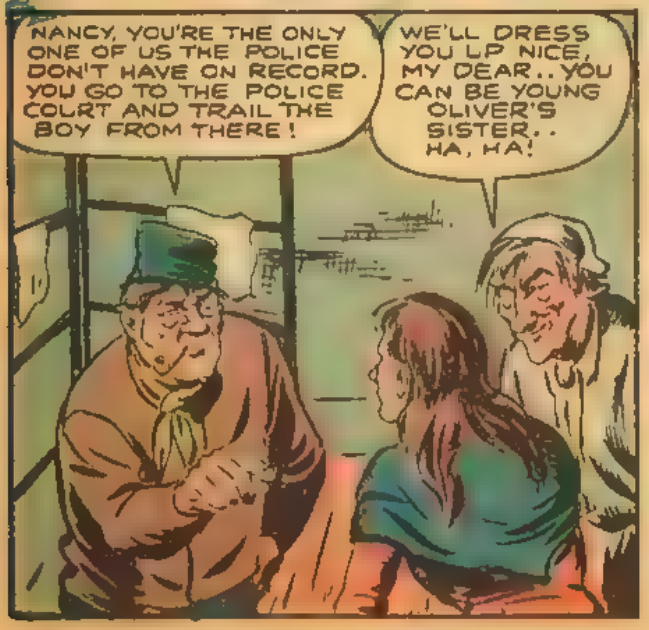

I SAW THREE BOYS..TWO OTHERS AND THE PRISONER HERE..LOITERING ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET, WHEN THIS GENTLEMAN WAS READING. THE ROBBERY WAS COMMITTED BY ANOTHER BOY.. I SAW IT! THIS BOY IS INNOCENT!
THE BOY IS DISCHARGED. CLEAR THE ROOM!

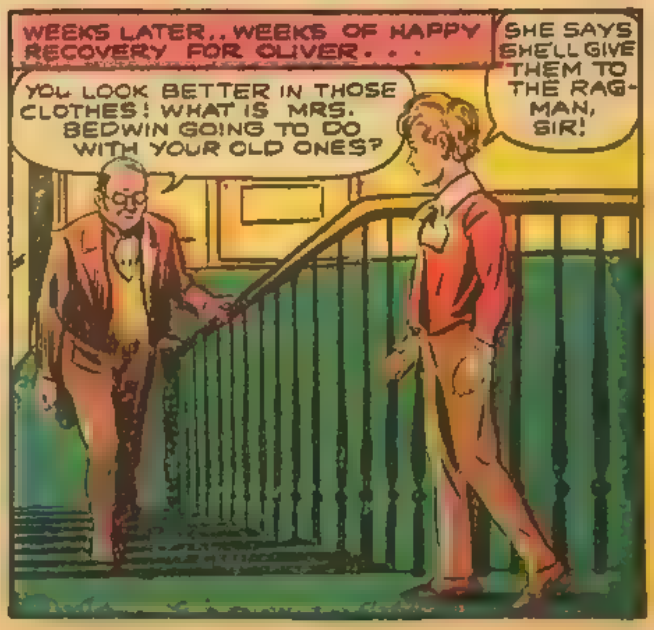

POOR BOY! I'LL TAKE HIM HOME WITH ME. CALL A COACH, SOMEBODY, PRAY!
I WILL, SIR! THE POOR BOY LOOKS AS IF HE'S IN FOR A SPELL OF FEVER.

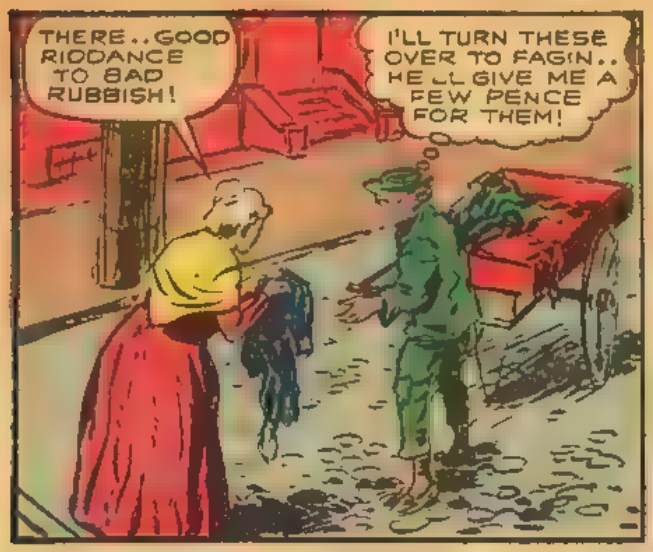

MEANWHILE, FAGIN AWAITS THE RETURN OF HIS 'PUPILS' . . .
WHERE'S OLIVER? WHAT'S BECOME OF THE BOY?
WELL.. ER..

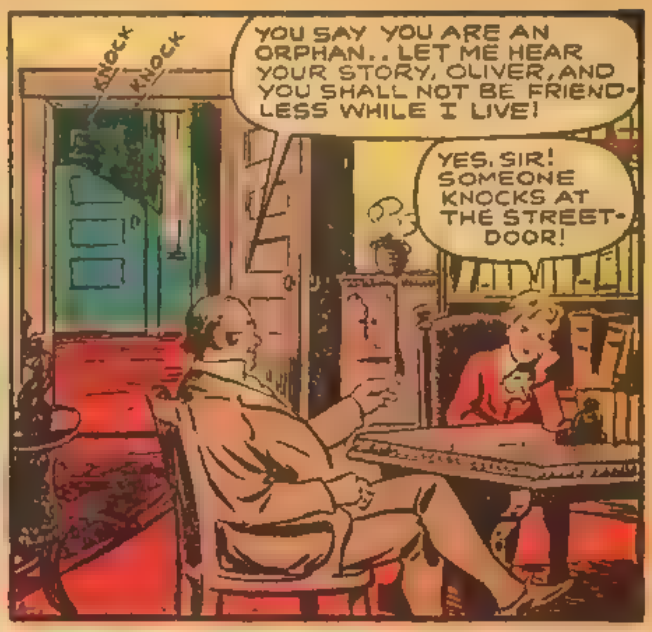
SPEAK UP.. OR I'LL THROTTLE YOU!
I'LL TELL.. I'LL TELL..


WHAT IN BLAZES!?! YOU INFERNAL PLUNDERER.. WOT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
HUSH. MR. SIKES! OLIVER TWIST HAS ESCAPED AND UNLESS WE CAN NAB HIM QUICK.. HE'LL PEACH ON US!

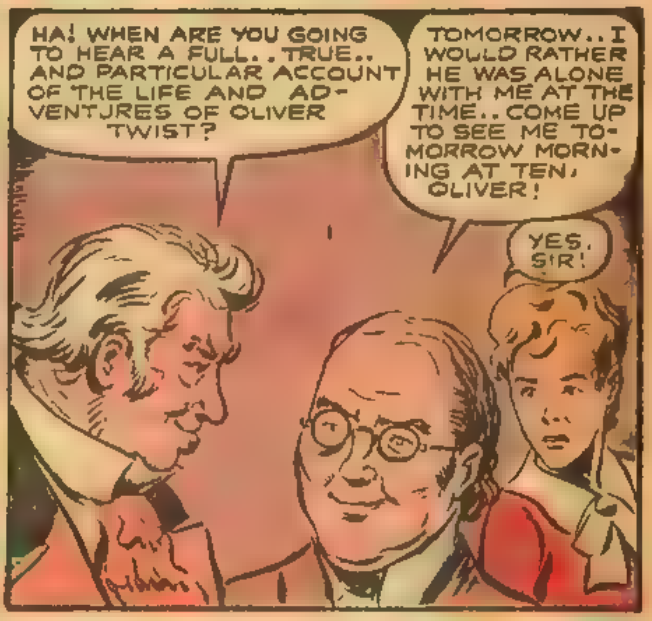

NANCY, YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE OF US THE POLICE DON'T HAVE ON RECORD. YOU GO TO THE POLICE COURT AND TRAIL THE BOY FROM THERE!
WE'LL DRESS YOU UP NICE, MY DEAR.. YOU CAN BE YOUNG OLIVER'S SISTER.. HA, HA!


WEEKS LATER.. WEEKS OF HAPPY RECOVERY FOR OLIVER . . .
YOU LOOK BETTER IN THOSE CLOTHES! WHAT IS MRS. BEDWIN GOING TO DO WITH YOUR OLD ONES?
SHE SAYS SHE'LL GIVE THEM TO THE RAG-MAN, SIR!

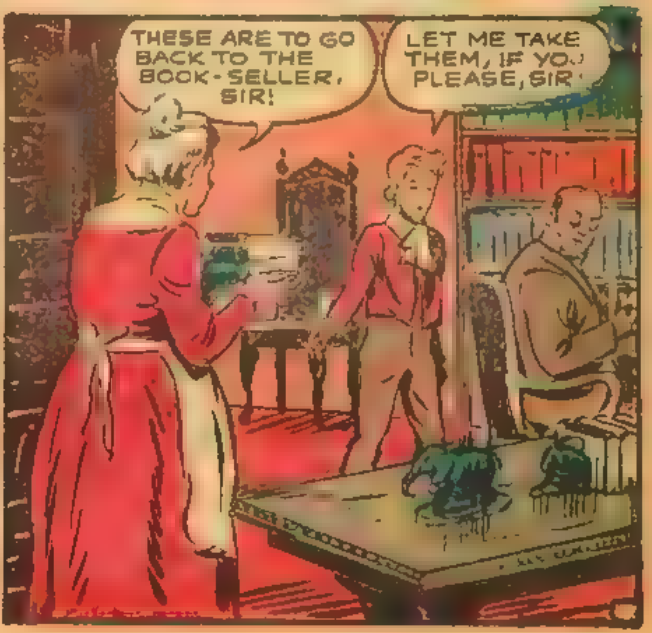

THERE..GOOD RIDDANCE TO BAD RUBBISH!
I'LL TURN THESE OVER TO FAGIN.. HE'LL GIVE ME A FEW PENCE FOR THEM!

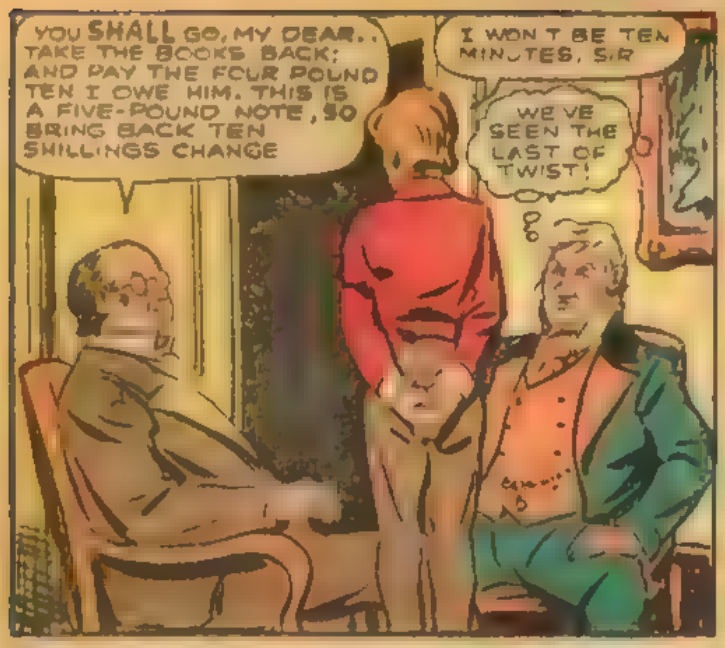

KNOCK KNOCK
YOU SAY YOU ARE AN ORPHAN.. LET ME HEAR YOUR STORY, OLIVER, AND YOU SHALL NOT BE FRIENDLESS WHILE I LIVE!
YES, SIR! SOMEONE KNOCKS AT THE STREET-DOOR!

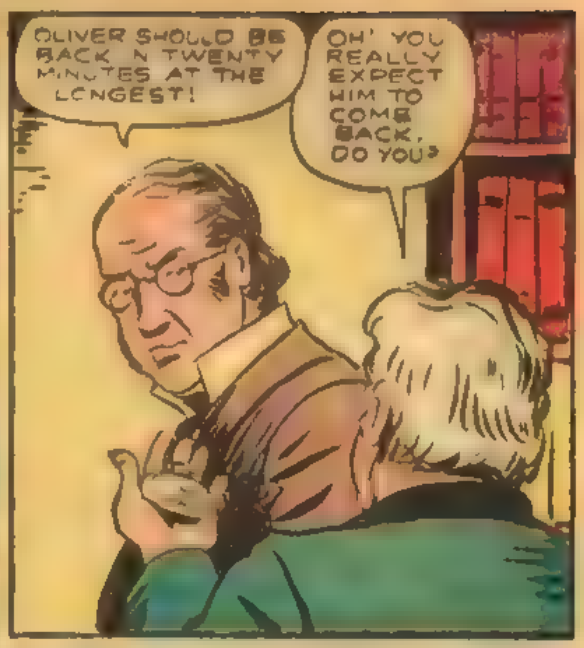
MR. GRIMWIG HAS COME TO TEA, SIR!
THE MASTER'S BEST FRIEND.. HIS BARK'S WORSE THAN HIS BITE!
HA, GRIMWIG! THIS IS YOUNG OLIVER TWIST, WHOM WE WERE SPEAKING ABOUT!

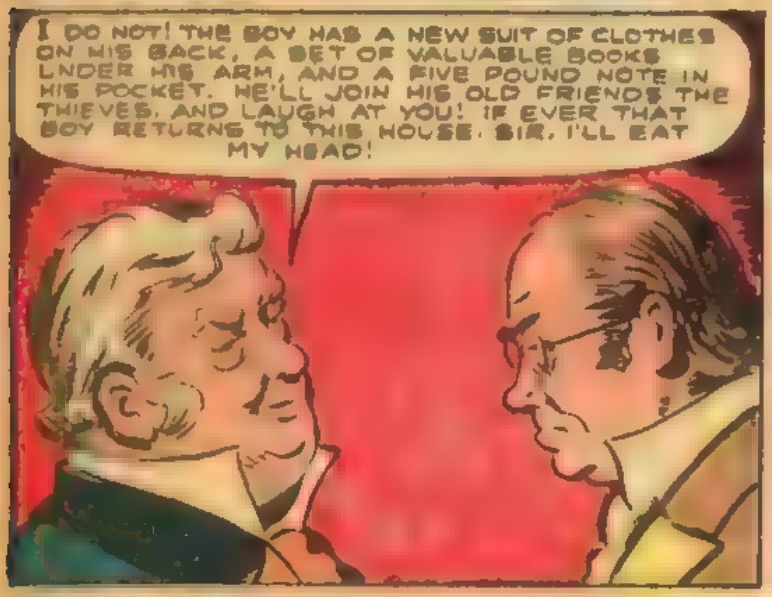

HA! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO HEAR A FULL..TRUE.. AND PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF OLIVER TWIST?
TOMORROW..I WOULD RATHER HE WAS ALONE WITH ME AT THE TIME..COME UP TO SEE ME TOMORROW MORNING AT TEN, OLIVER!
YES, SIR!

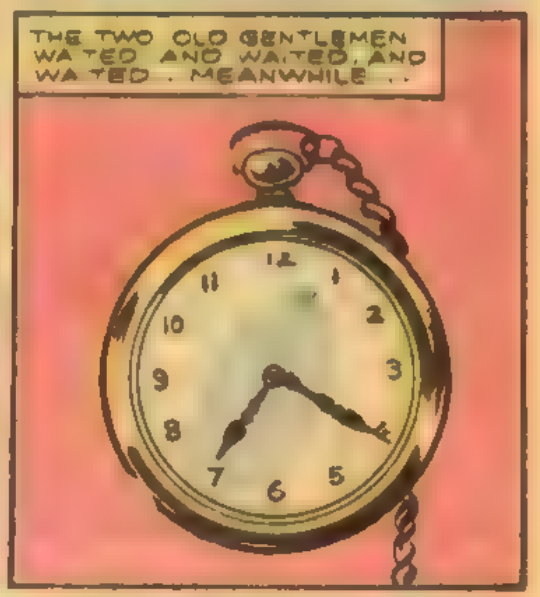
HE WON'T COME.. HE'S DECEIVING YOU, MY GOOD FRIEND! IF HE COMES..I'LL EAT MY OWN HEAD, SIR!
THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL HAVE TO DO, MR. GRIMWIG!
WE'LL SEE, GRIMWIG.. WE'LL SEE!


THESE ARE TO GO BACK TO THE BOOK-SELLER, SIR!
LET ME TAKE THEM, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR!

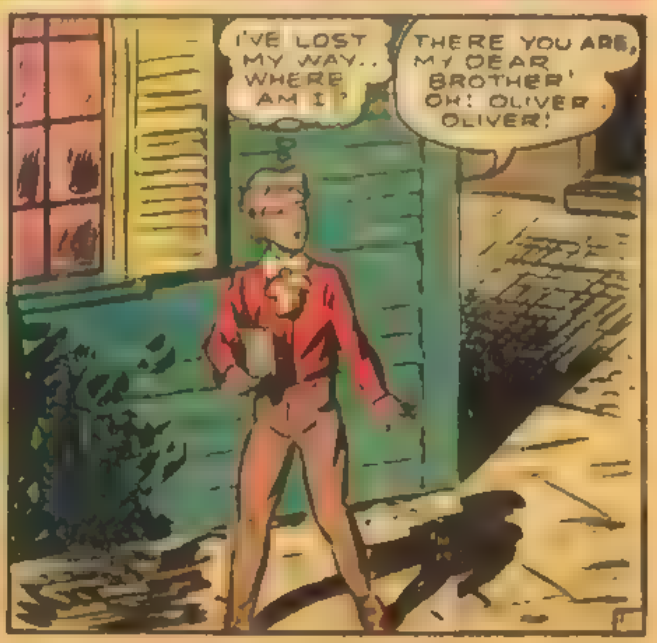

YOU SHALL GO, MY DEAR.. TAKE THE BOOKS BACK; AND PAY THE FOUR POUND TEN I OWE HIM. THIS IS A FIVE-POUND NOTE, SO BRING BACK TEN SHILLINGS CHANGE
I WON'T BE TEN MINUTES, SIR
WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF TWIST!

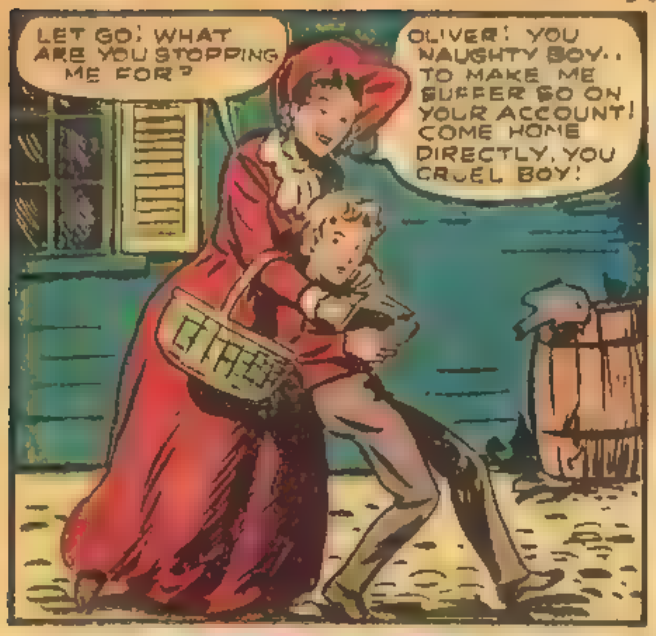

OLIVER SHOULD BE BACK IN TWENTY MINUTES AT THE LONGEST!
OH! YOU REALLY EXPECT HIM TO COME BACK, DO YOU?


I DO NOT! THE BOY HAS A NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES ON HIS BACK, A SET OF VALUABLE BOOKS UNDER HIS ARM, AND A FIVE POUND NOTE IN HIS POCKET. HE'LL JOIN HIS OLD FRIENDS THE THIEVES, AND LAUGH AT YOU! IF EVER THAT BOY RETURNS TO THIS HOUSE, SIR, I'LL EAT MY HEAD!


THE TWO OLD GENTLEMEN WAITED AND WAITED, AND WAITED. MEANWHILE..

I'LL TAKE A SHORT CUT AND RETURN HOME SOONER THAN THEY EXPECT. I'LL SHOW MR GRIMWIG HOW HE HAS MIS-..DGED ME!


I'VE LOST MY WAY.. WHERE AM I?
THERE YOU ARE, MY DEAR BROTHER! OH! OLIVER.. OLIVER!

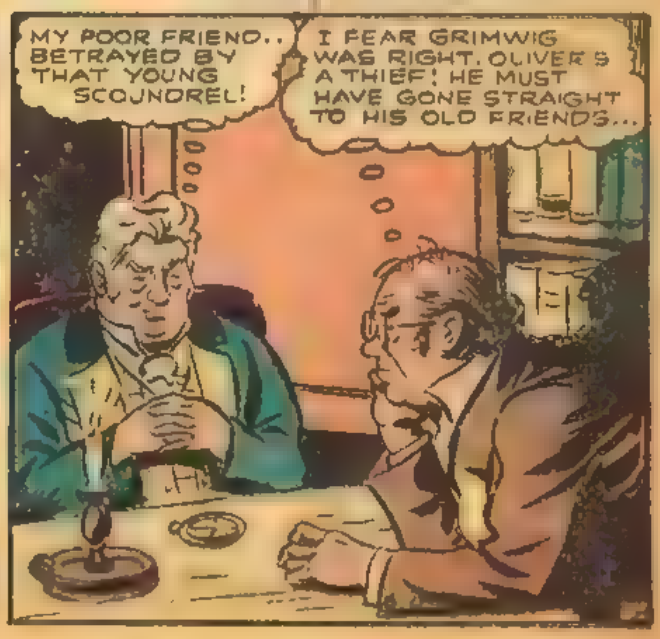

LET GO! WHAT ARE YOU STOPPING ME FOR?
OLIVER! YOU NAUGHTY BOY.. TO MAKE ME SUFFER SO ON YOUR ACCOUNT! COME HOME DIRECTLY, YOU CRUEL BOY!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MA'AM?
HE RAN AWAY FROM HIS PARENTS.. AND JOINED A SET OF THIEVES.. ALMOST BROKE HIS MOTHER'S HEART!
GO HOME, YOU LITTLE BRUTE!

I HAVE NO PARENTS.. I'M AN ORPHAN. WHY, IT'S NANCY!
SEE, HE KNOWS ME! MAKE HIM COME HOME, GOOD PEOPLE.

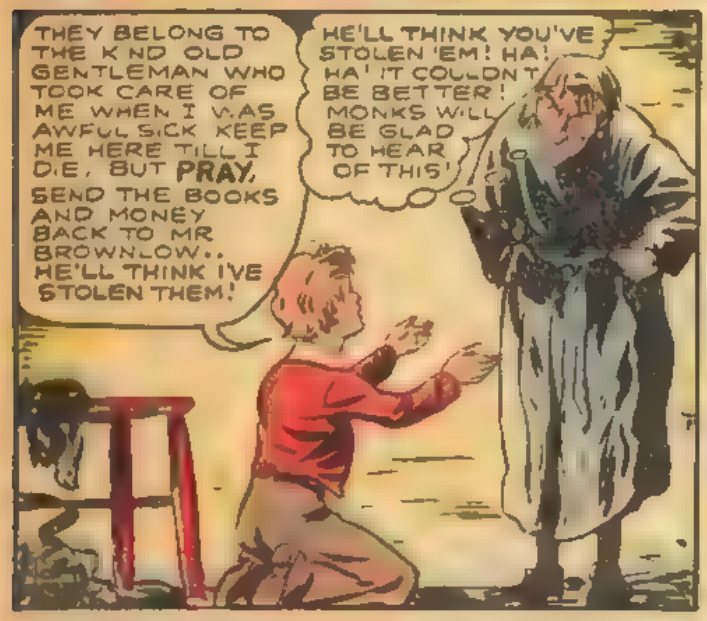
GO HOME!
HOME'S THE PLACE FOR THAT YOUNG DEVIL!
YOUNG OLIVER! COME HOME DIRECTLY!

HURRY ALONG, BOY!
WHAT WILL MR. BROWNLOW THINK?

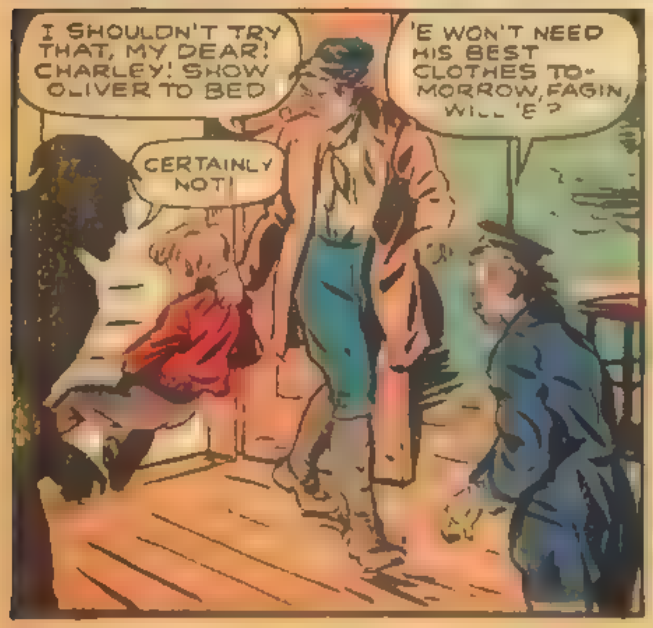

MY POOR FRIEND.. BETRAYED BY THAT YOUNG SCOUNDREL!
I FEAR GRIMWIG WAS RIGHT. OLIVER'S A THIEF! HE MUST HAVE GONE STRAIGHT TO HIS OLD FRIENDS...

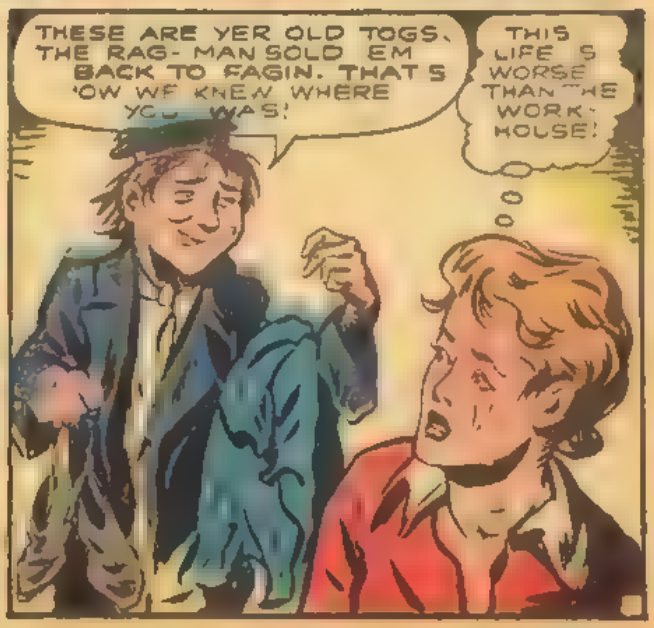
OLIVER'S FRIENDS...
OH, MY WIG! 'ERE 'E IS! LOOK AT 'IS TOGS!
AH, YOU LOOK VERY WELL, MY DEAR OLIVER! IF WE'D KNOWN YOU WERE COMING, WE'D HAVE SOMETHING HOT FOR SUPPER

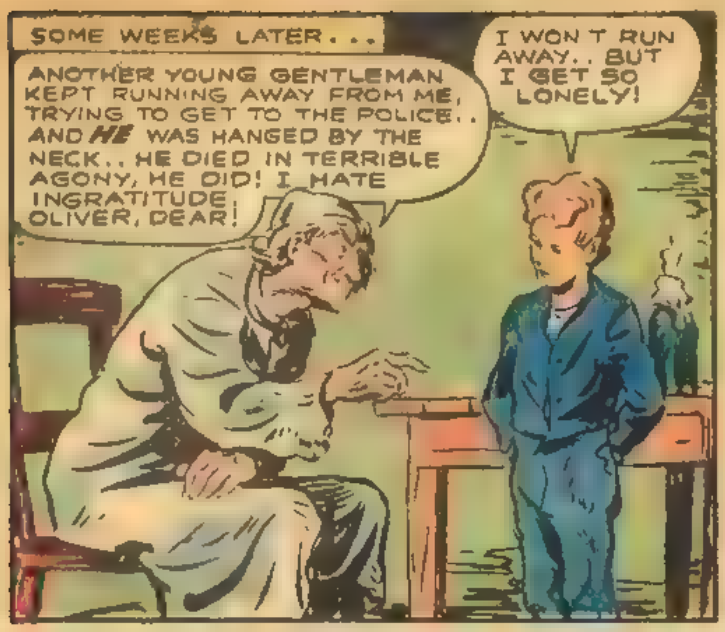
THAT'S MINE, FAGIN! YOU OLD GRAB BAG. YOU CAN KEEP THE BOOKS IF YOU LIKE READING.. OR.. SELL'EM.


THEY BELONG TO THE KIND OLD GENTLEMAN WHO TOOK CARE OF ME WHEN I WAS AWFUL SICK. KEEP ME HERE TILL I DIE, BUT PRAY, SEND THE BOOKS AND MONEY BACK TO MR BROWNLOW.. HE'LL THINK I'VE STOLEN THEM!
HE'LL THINK YOU'VE STOLEN 'EM! HA! HA! IT COULDN'T BE BETTER! MONKS WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR OF THIS!

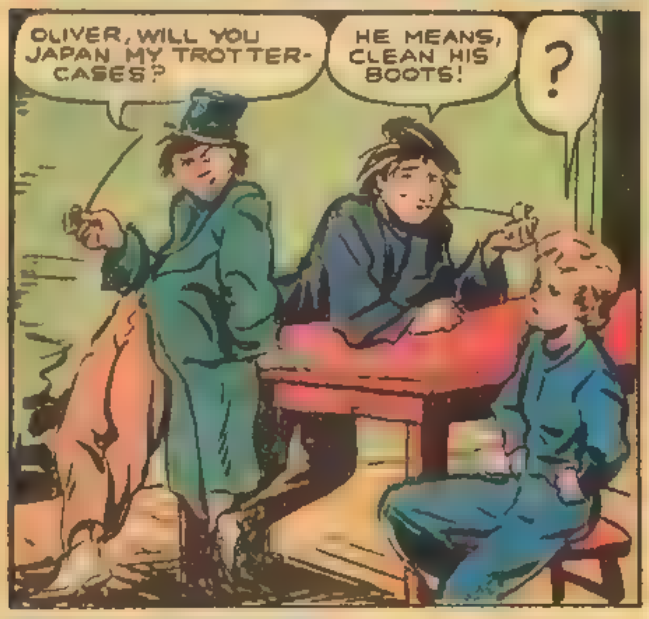
HELP! POLICE!
AFTER HIM! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

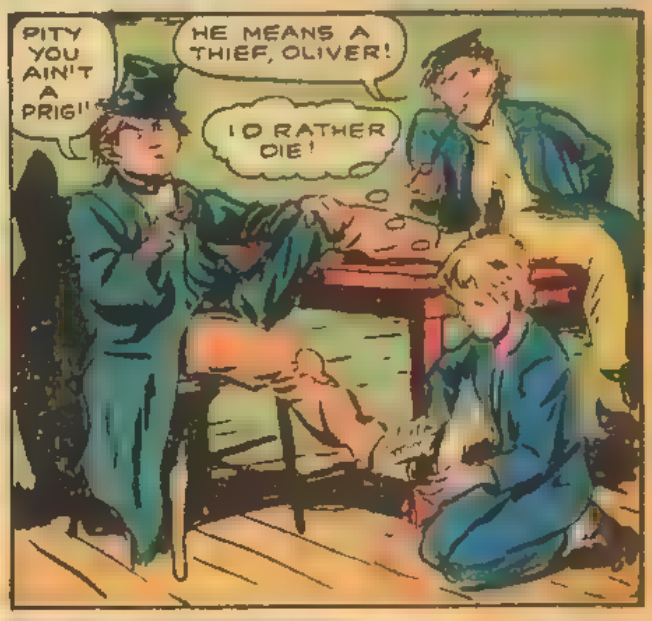

I SHOULDN'T TRY THAT, MY DEAR! CHARLEY! SHOW OLIVER TO BED
'E WON'T NEED HIS BEST CLOTHES TOMORROW, FAGIN, WILL 'E?
CERTAINLY NOT!

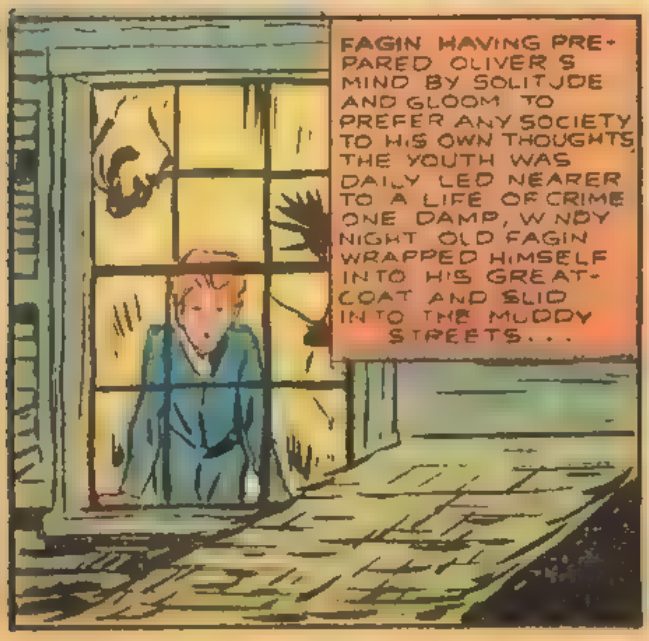

THESE ARE YER OLD TOGS. THE RAG-MAN SOLD EM BACK TO FAGIN. THAT'S 'OW WE KNEW WHERE YOU WAS!
THIS LIFE IS WORSE THAN THE WORKHOUSE!

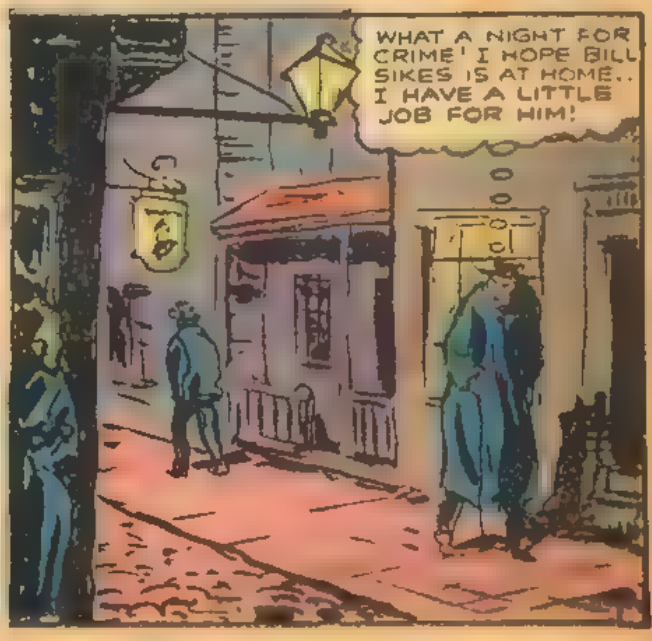

SOME WEEKS LATER...
ANOTHER YOUNG GENTLEMAN KEPT RUNNING AWAY FROM ME, TRYING TO GET TO THE POLICE.. AND HE WAS HANGED BY THE NECK.. HE DIED IN TERRIBLE AGONY, HE DID! I HATE INGRATITUDE, OLIVER, DEAR!
I WON'T RUN AWAY.. BUT I GET SO LONELY!

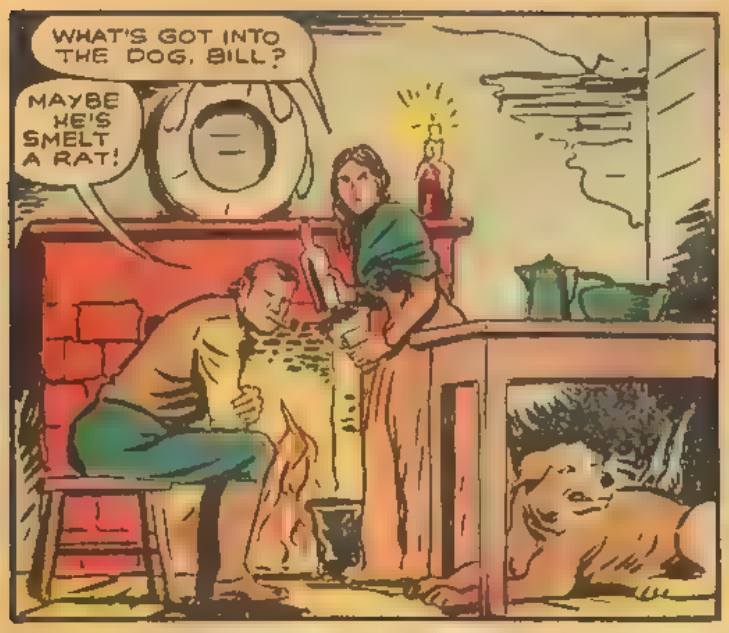
IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT.. I'LL KEEP YOU COMPANY!


OLIVER, WILL YOU JAPAN MY TROTTER-CASES?
HE MEANS, CLEAN HIS BOOTS!
?

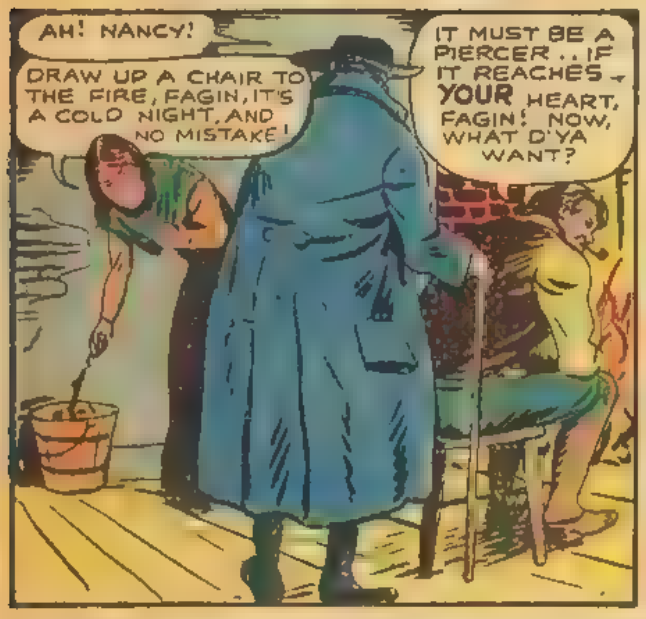

PITY YOU AIN'T A PRIG!!
HE MEANS A THIEF, OLIVER!
I'D RATHER DIE!

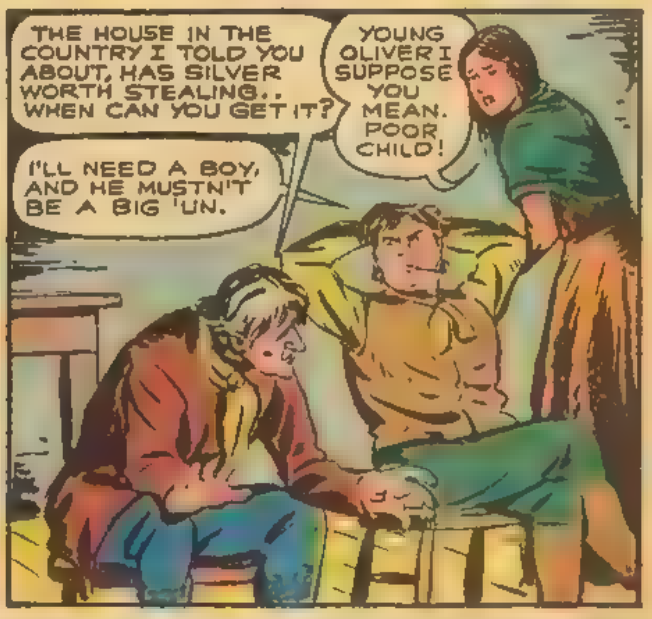

FAGIN HAVING PREPARED OLIVER'S MIND BY SOLITUDE AND GLOOM TO PREFER ANY SOCIETY TO HIS OWN THOUGHTS, THE YOUTH WAS DAILY LED NEARER TO A LIFE OF CRIME. ONE DAMP, WINDY NIGHT OLD FAGIN WRAPPED HIMSELF INTO HIS GREAT-COAT AND SLID INTO THE MUDDY STREETS...


WHAT A NIGHT FOR CRIME! I HOPE BILL SIKES IS AT HOME.. I HAVE A LITTLE JOB FOR HIM!

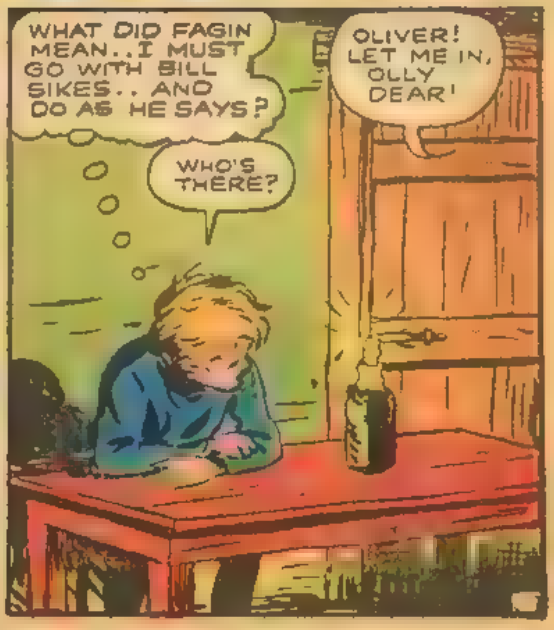

WHAT'S GOT INTO THE DOG, BILL?
MAYBE HE'S SMELT A RAT!

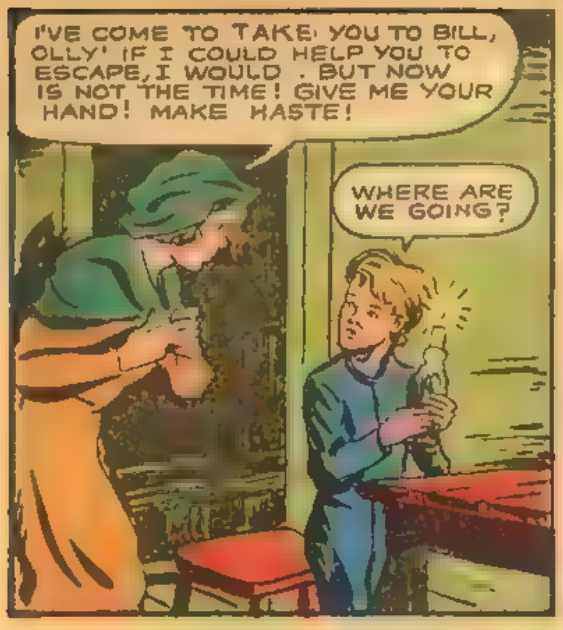
IT'S ME, BILL; FAGIN! LET ME IN!
BRING IN YOUR BODY, THEN.

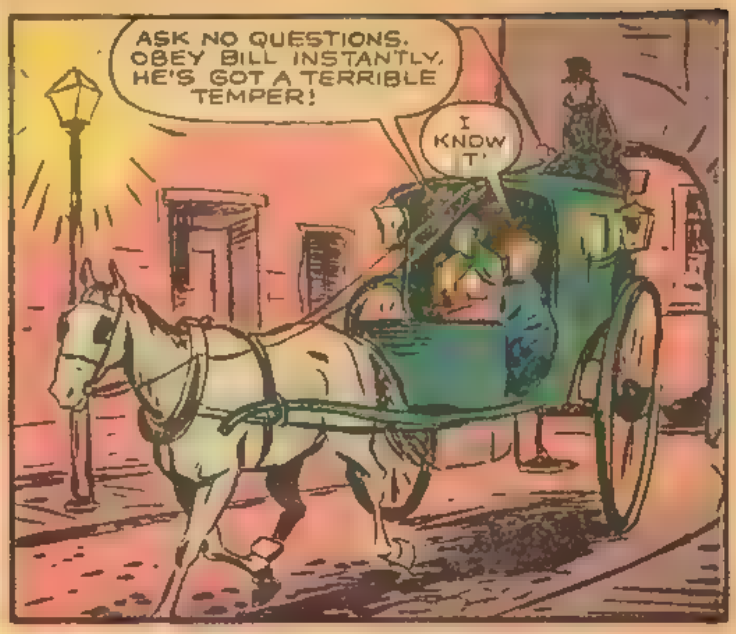

AH! NANCY!
DRAW UP A CHAIR TO THE FIRE, FAGIN, IT'S A COLD NIGHT, AND NO MISTAKE!
IT MUST BE A PIERCER.. IF IT REACHES YOUR HEART, FAGIN! NOW, WHAT D'YA WANT?

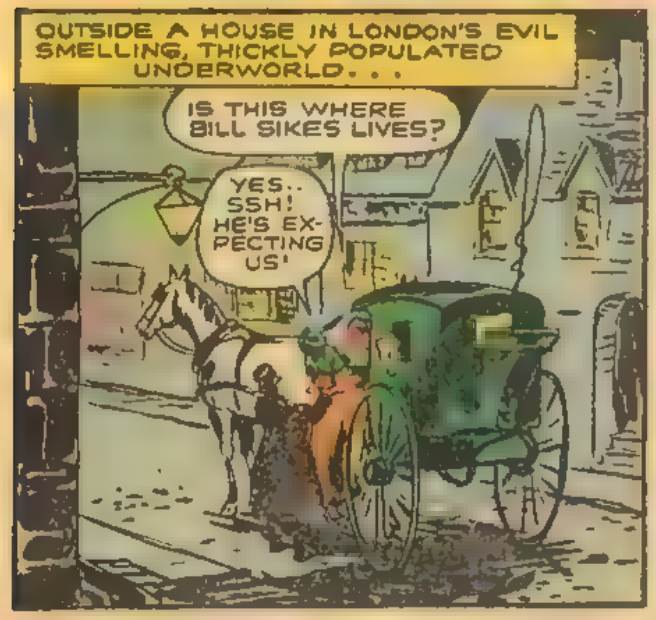

THE HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY I TOLD YOU ABOUT, HAS SILVER WORTH STEALING.. WHEN CAN YOU GET IT?
YOUNG OLIVER I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN. POOR CHILD!
I'LL NEED A BOY, AND HE MUSTN'T BE A BIG 'UN.

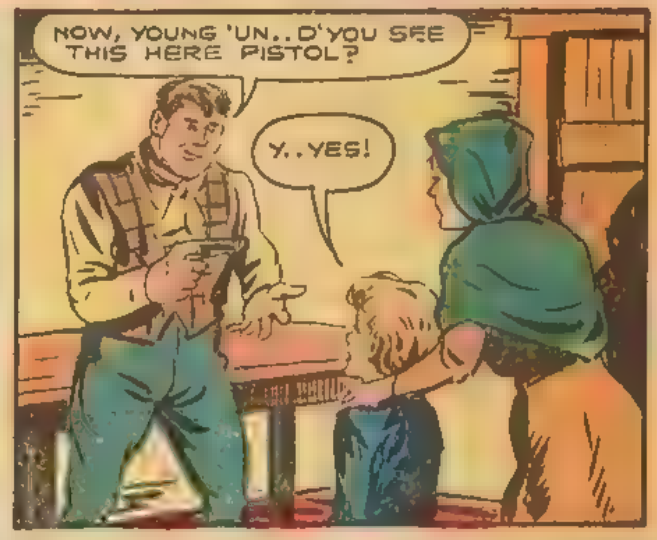
AH, YES, OLIVER! THE VERY ONE! LET HIM STEAL ONCE, AND HE'S OURS FOR LIFE! WHEN DO YOU WANT HIM, BILL?
THE NIGHT AFTER TOMORROW.. WHEN THERE'S NO MOON!

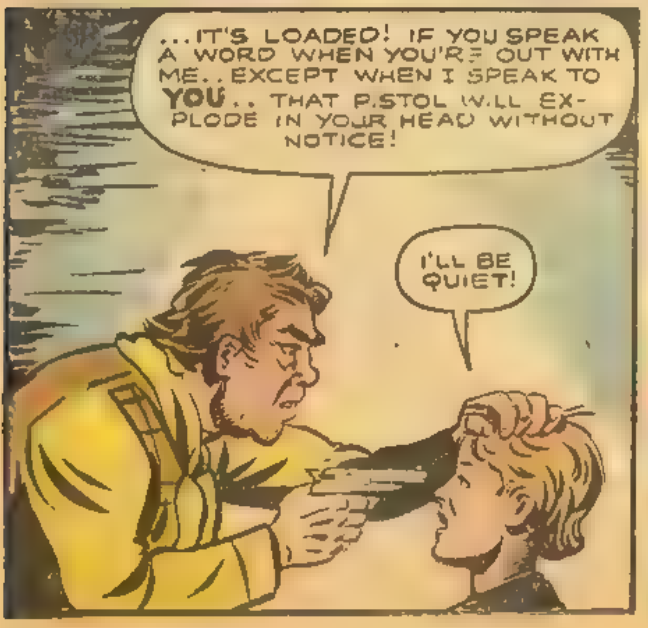

WHAT DID FAGIN MEAN.. I MUST GO WITH BILL SIKES.. AND DO AS HE SAYS?
WHO'S THERE?
OLIVER! LET ME IN, OLLY DEAR!

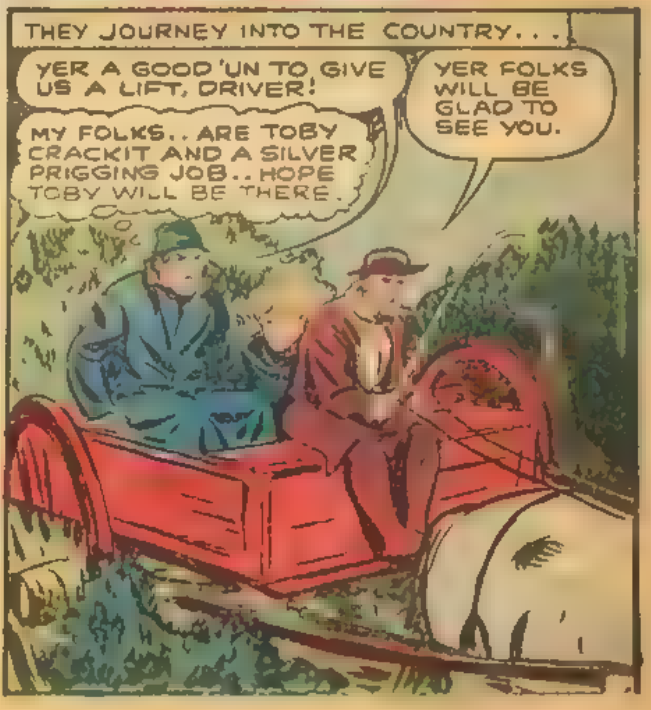

I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU TO BILL, OLLY! IF I COULD HELP YOU TO ESCAPE, I WOULD . BUT NOW IS NOT THE TIME! GIVE ME YOUR HAND! MAKE HASTE!
WHERE ARE WE GOING?


ASK NO QUESTIONS. OBEY BILL INSTANTLY. HE'S GOT A TERRIBLE TEMPER!
I KNOW T'


OUTSIDE A HOUSE IN LONDON'S EVIL SMELLING, THICKLY POPULATED UNDERWORLD. . .
IS THIS WHERE BILL SIKES LIVES?
YES.. SSH! HE'S EXPECTING US!

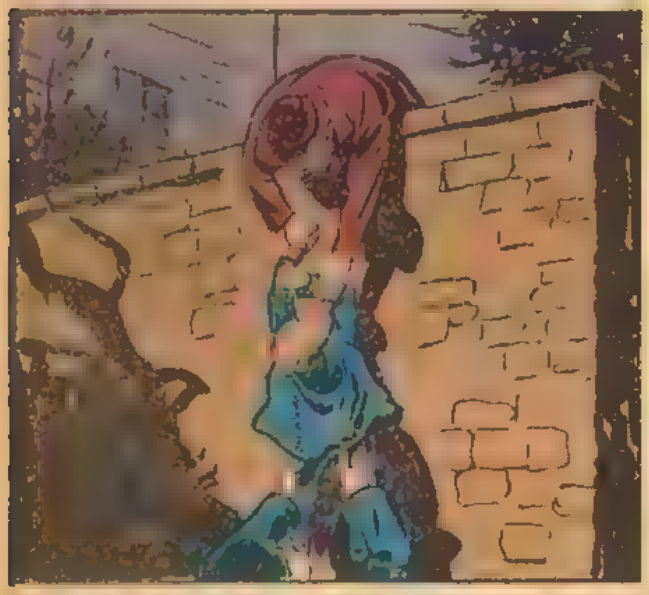

NOW, YOUNG 'UN.. D'YOU SEE THIS HERE PISTOL?
Y..YES!

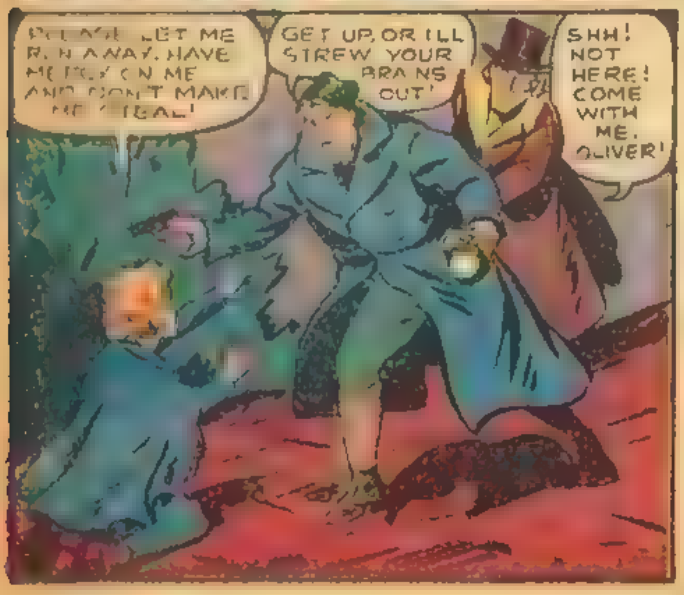

...IT'S LOADED! IF YOU SPEAK A WORD WHEN YOU'RE OUT WITH ME.. EXCEPT WHEN I SPEAK TO YOU.. THAT PISTOL WILL EXPLODE IN YOUR HEAD WITHOUT NOTICE!
I'LL BE QUIET!

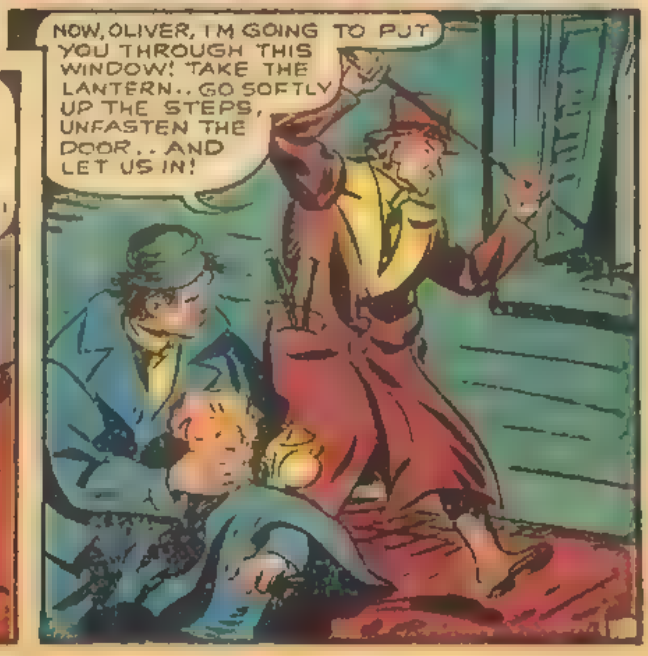

THEY JOURNEY INTO THE COUNTRY. . .
YER A GOOD 'UN TO GIVE US A LIFT, DRIVER!
MY FOLKS.. ARE TOBY CRACKIT AND A SILVER PRIGGING JOB.. HOPE TOBY WILL BE THERE.
YER FOLKS WILL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU.

UP YOU GO, TOBY.

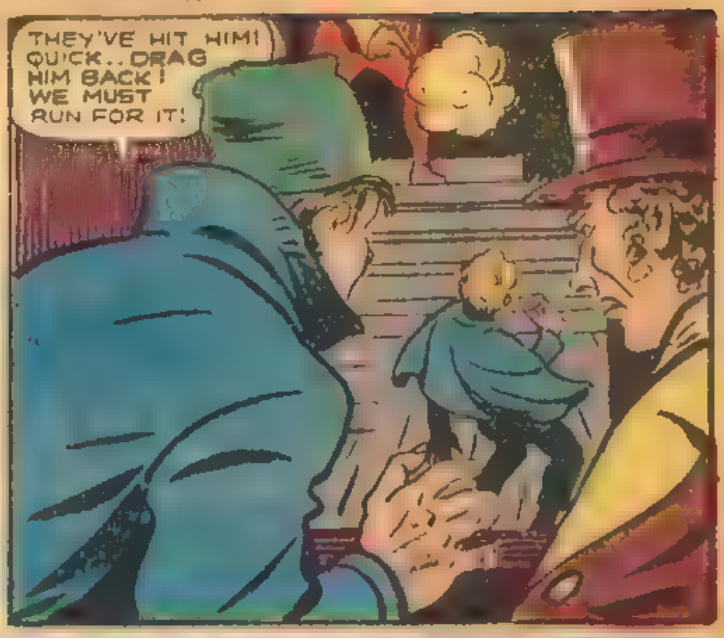
THE BOY NEXT HOIST HIM UP. I'LL CATCH HOLD OF HIM!



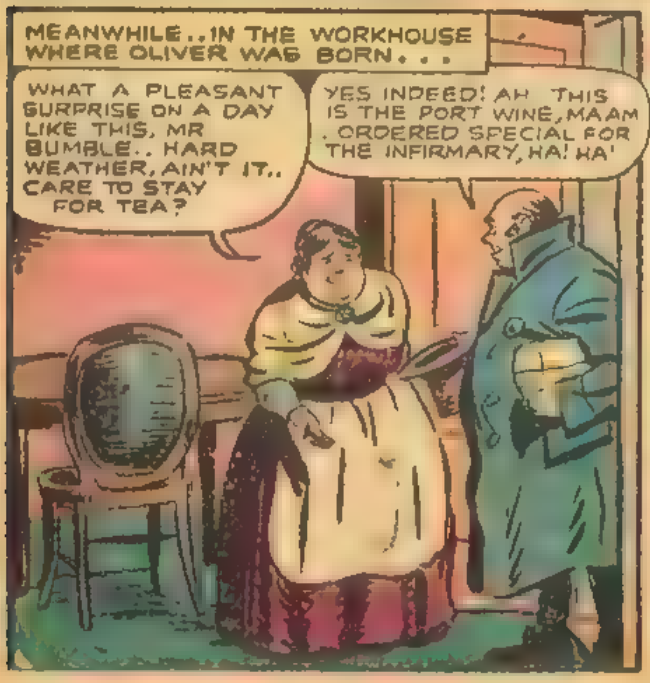

PLEASE LET ME RUN AWAY. HAVE MERCY ON ME AND DON'T MAKE ME A THIEF!
GET UP, OR I'LL STREW YOUR BRAINS OUT!
SHH! NOT HERE! COME WITH ME, OLIVER!


NOW, OLIVER, I'M GOING TO PUT YOU THROUGH THIS WINDOW! TAKE THE LANTERN.. GO SOFTLY UP THE STEPS, UNFASTEN THE DOOR.. AND LET US IN!

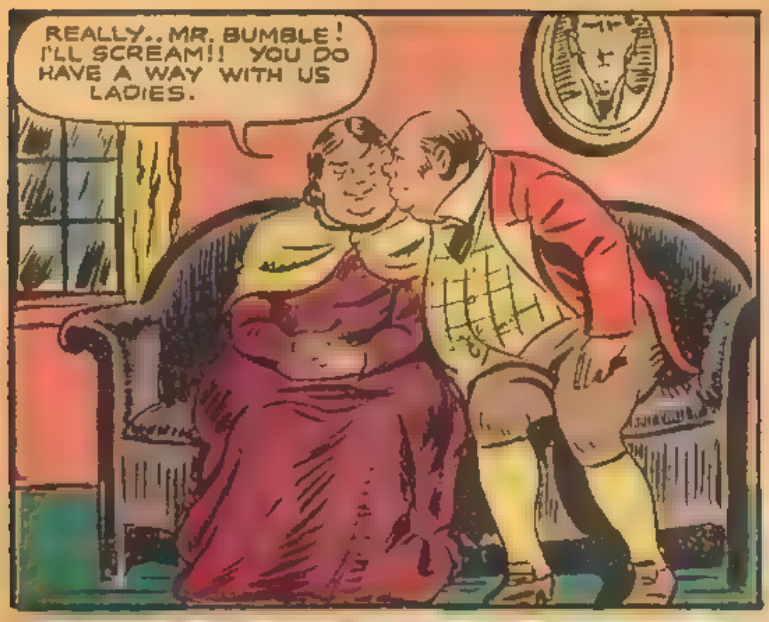
I'LL RUN UP THE STAIRS AND AWAKEN THE PEOPLE!
COME BACK, YOU LITTLE DEVIL!

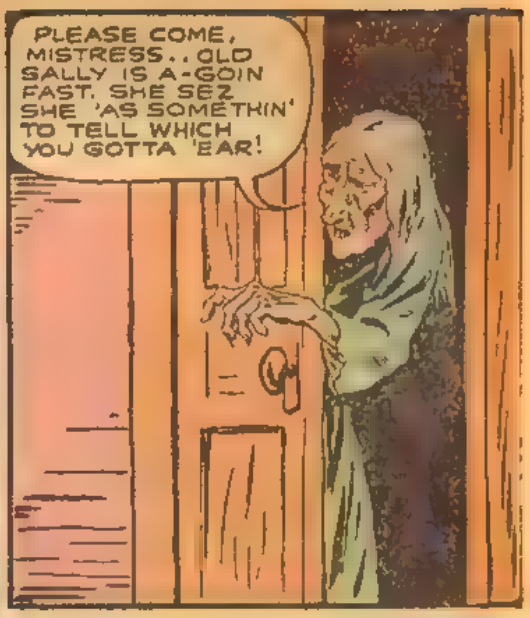

THEY'VE HIT HIM! QUICK.. DRAG HIM BACK! WE MUST RUN FOR IT!

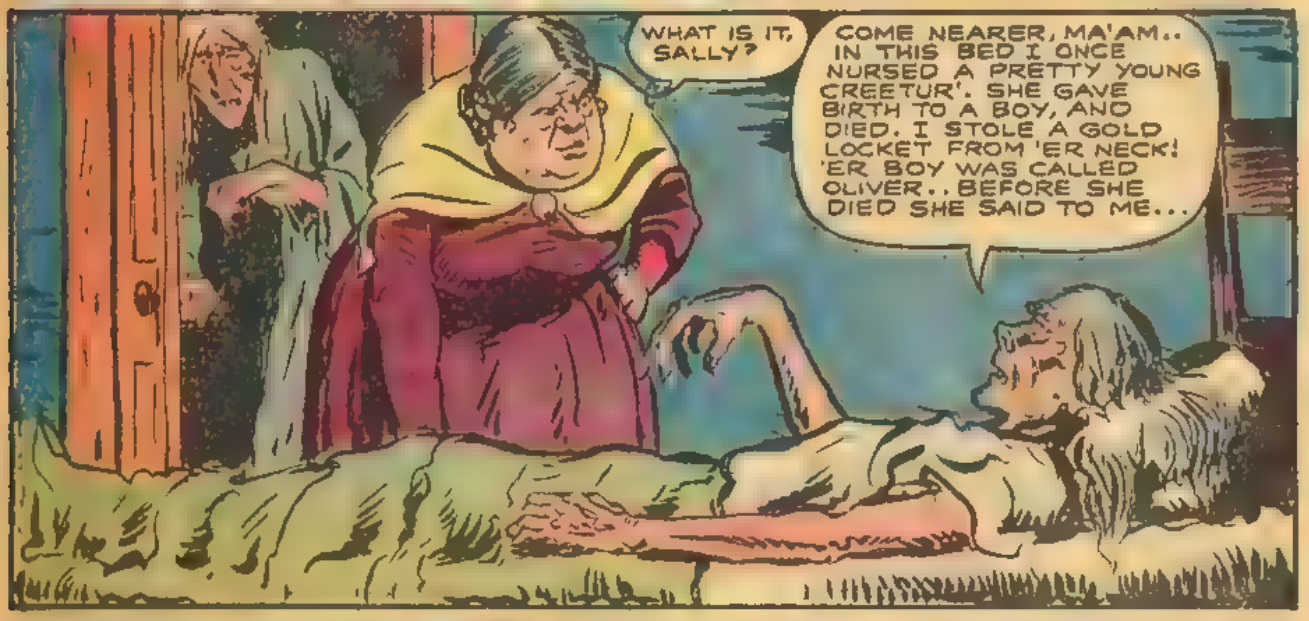
HELP!


MEANWHILE..IN THE WORKHOUSE WHERE OLIVER WAS BORN...
WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE ON A DAY LIKE THIS, MR BUMBLE.. HARD WEATHER, AIN'T IT.. CARE TO STAY FOR TEA?
YES INDEED! AH THIS IS THE PORT WINE, MAAM . ORDERED SPECIAL FOR THE INFIRMARY, HA! HA!

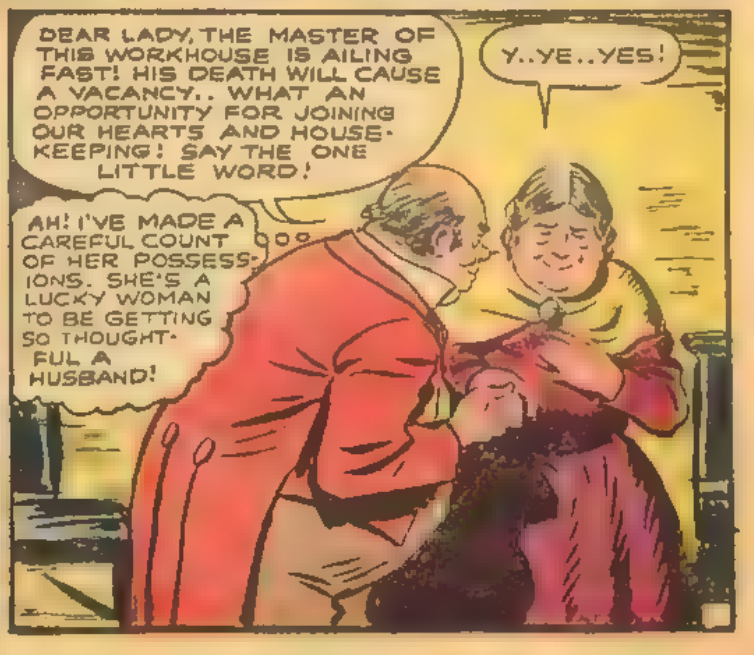
DO YOU LIKE IT SWEET, MR. BUMBLE?
VERY SWEET, INDEED MA'AM!
I COULD DO WORSE THAN WED THIS WEALTHY WIDOW!

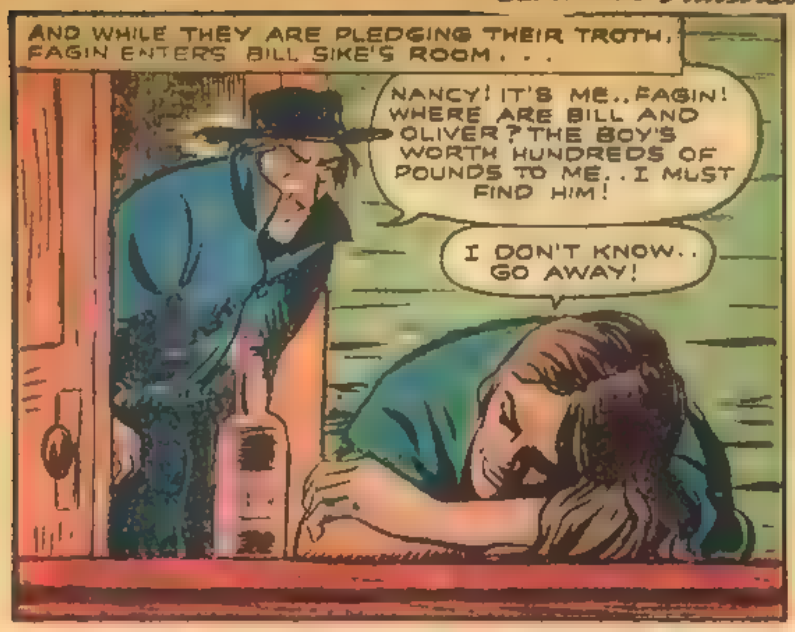

REALLY.. MR. BUMBLE! I'LL SCREAM!! YOU DO HAVE A WAY WITH US LADIES.


PLEASE COME, MISTRESS.. OLD SALLY IS A-GOIN FAST. SHE SEZ SHE 'AS SOMETHIN' TO TELL WHICH YOU GOTTA 'EAR!


WHAT IS IT, SALLY?
COME NEARER, MA'AM.. IN THIS BED I ONCE NURSED A PRETTY YOUNG CREETUR'. SHE GAVE BIRTH TO A BOY, AND DIED. I STOLE A GOLD LOCKET FROM 'ER NECK! 'ER BOY WAS CALLED OLIVER.. BEFORE SHE DIED SHE SAID TO ME...

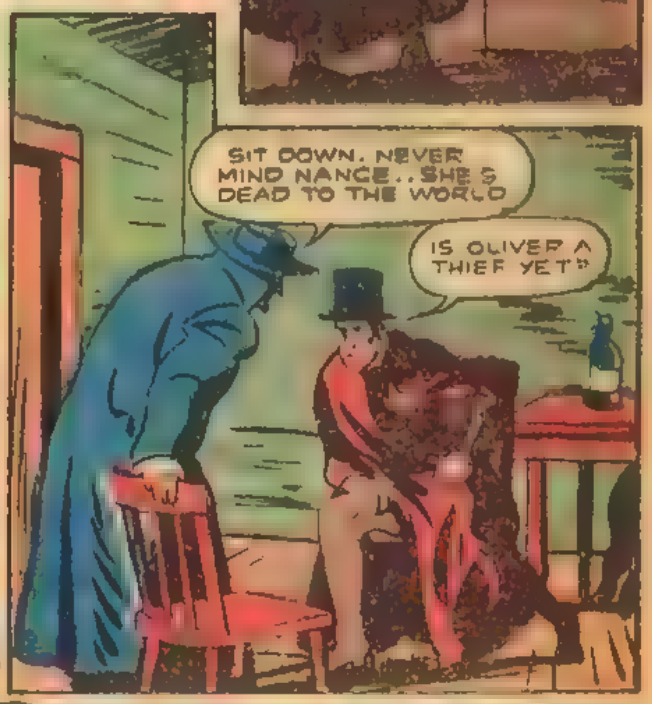
SHE'S DEAD! I WONDER WHERE SHE KEPT THAT GOLD LOCKET? I'LL FIND IT, BUT NOW.. BACK TO MR. BUMBLE!

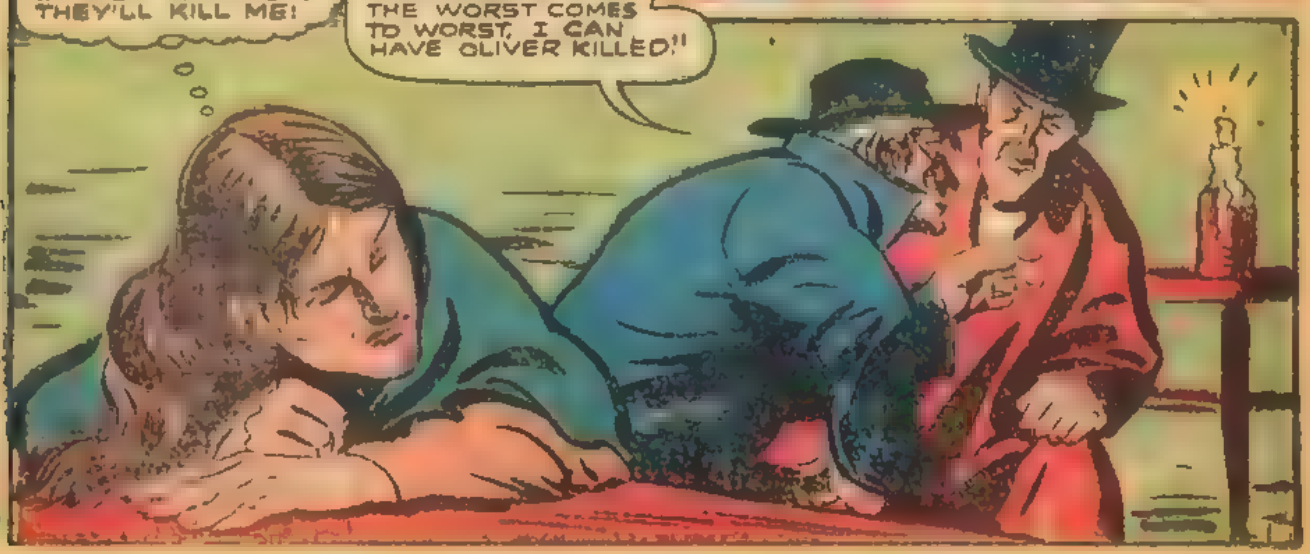

DEAR LADY, THE MASTER OF THIS WORKHOUSE IS AILING FAST! HIS DEATH WILL CAUSE A VACANCY.. WHAT AN OPPORTUNITY FOR JOINING OUR HEARTS AND HOUSE-KEEPING! SAY THE ONE LITTLE WORD!
Y..YE..YES!
AH! I'VE MADE A CAREFUL COUNT OF HER POSSESSIONS. SHE'S A LUCKY WOMAN TO BE GETTING SO THOUGHTFUL A HUSBAND!


AND WHILE THEY ARE PLEDGING THEIR TROTH, FAGIN ENTERS BILL SIKE'S ROOM . . .
NANCY! IT'S ME..FAGIN! WHERE ARE BILL AND OLIVER? THE BOY'S WORTH HUNDREDS OF POUNDS TO ME..I MUST FIND HIM!
I DON'T KNOW.. GO AWAY!

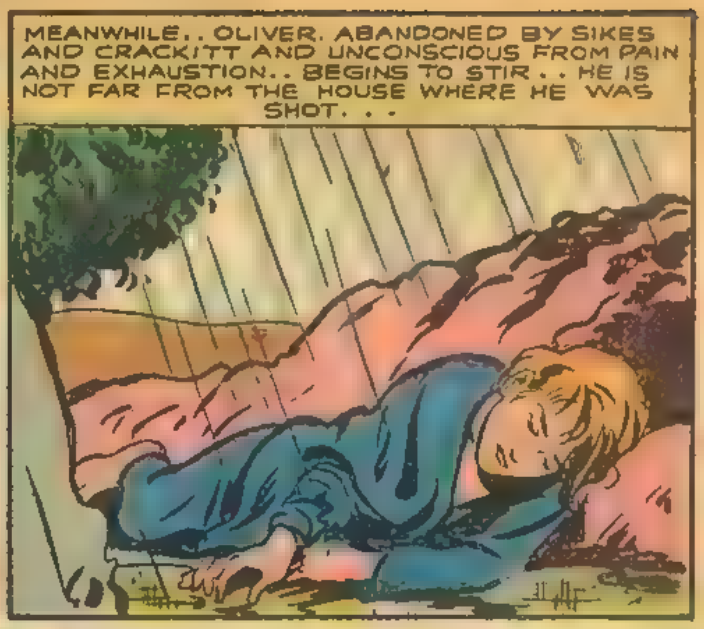
OUTSIDE..A SHADOWY FIGURE WAITS

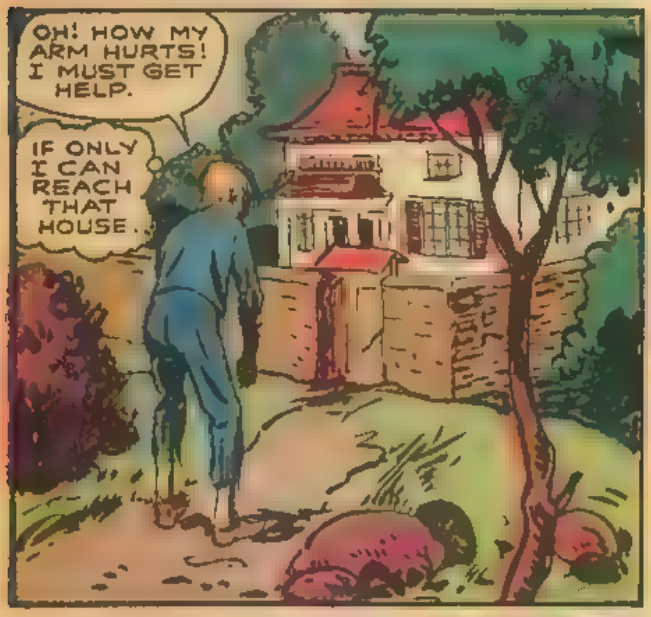
MONKS!!!!
OLIVER'S HALF-BROTHER..WHO PAYS ME TO MAKE A THIEF OF HIM!
SSH! I MUST SPEAK TO YOU.

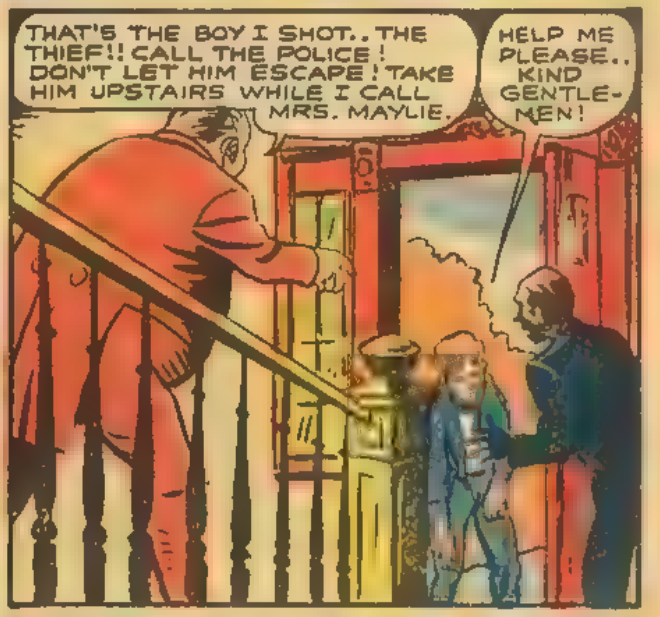

SIT DOWN. NEVER MIND NANCE..SHE'S DEAD TO THE WORLD
IS OLIVER A THIEF YET?

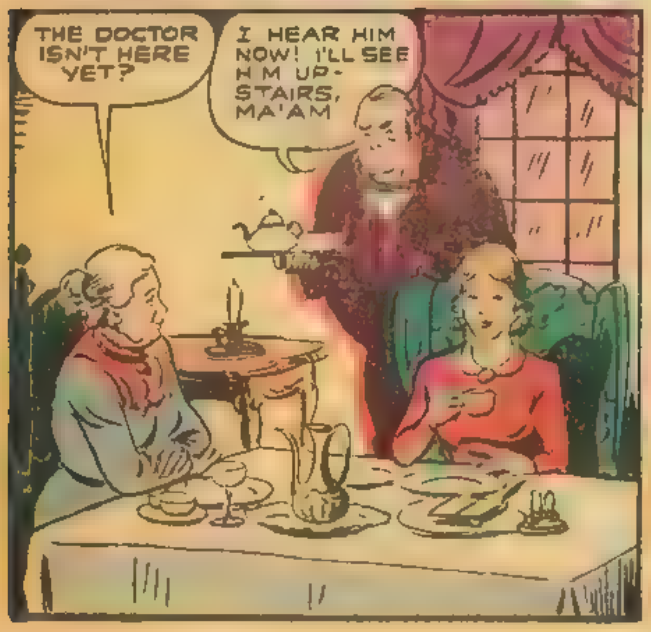

IF I CAN OVERHEAR THEIR PLANS, I CAN HELP OLIVER..BUT IF THEY FIND OUT, THEY'LL KILL ME!
ER..NO, IT HASN'T BEEN EASY TO TRAIN HIM TO THE BUSINESS. BUT IF THE WORST COMES TO WORST, I CAN HAVE OLIVER KILLED!!

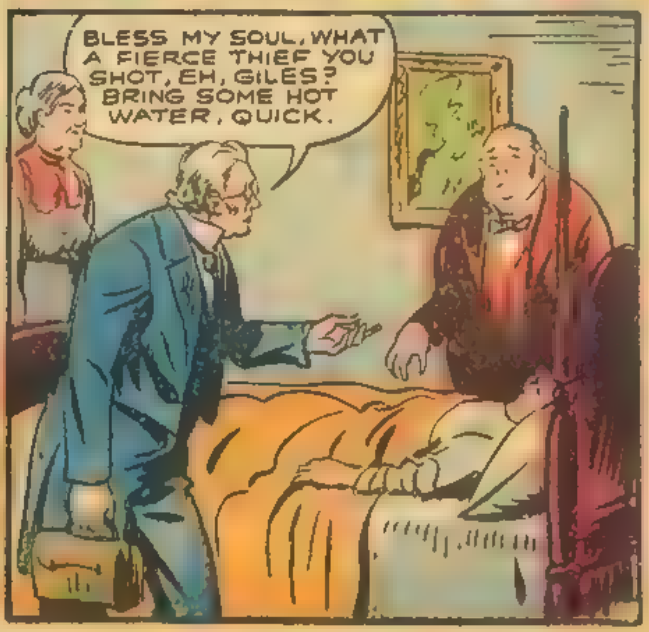
NO.. ANYTHING BUT THAT. BLOOD HAUNTS A MAN AND IS ALWAYS DISCOVERED! NOW GOODBYE.

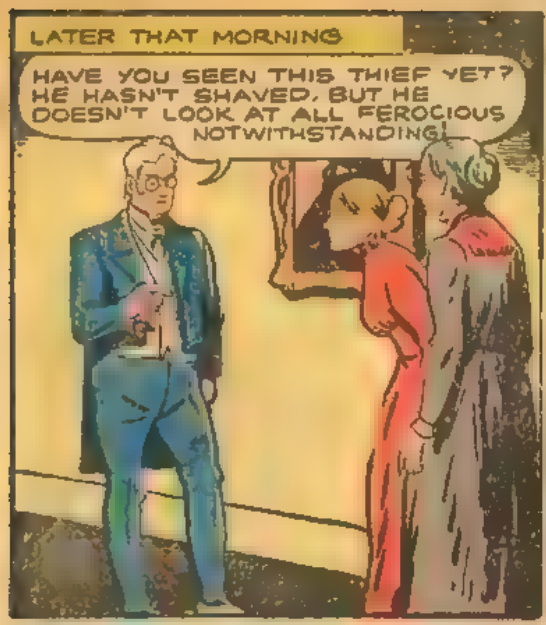

MEANWHILE.. OLIVER, ABANDONED BY SIKES AND CRACKITT AND UNCONSCIOUS FROM PAIN AND EXHAUSTION.. BEGINS TO STIR.. HE IS NOT FAR FROM THE HOUSE WHERE HE WAS SHOT...

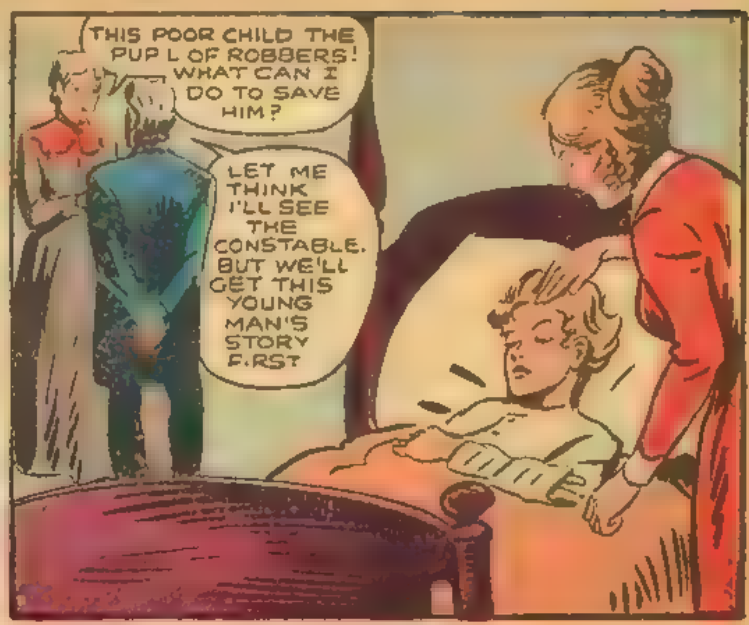

OH! HOW MY ARM HURTS! I MUST GET HELP.
IF ONLY I CAN REACH THAT HOUSE.

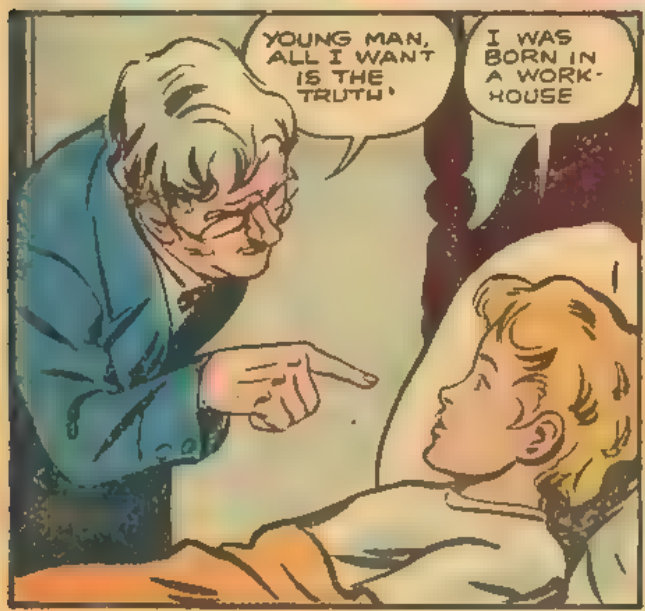

THAT'S THE BOY I SHOT.. THE THIEF!! CALL THE POLICE! DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE! TAKE HIM UPSTAIRS WHILE I CALL MRS. MAYLIE.
HELP ME PLEASE.. KIND GENTLEMEN!

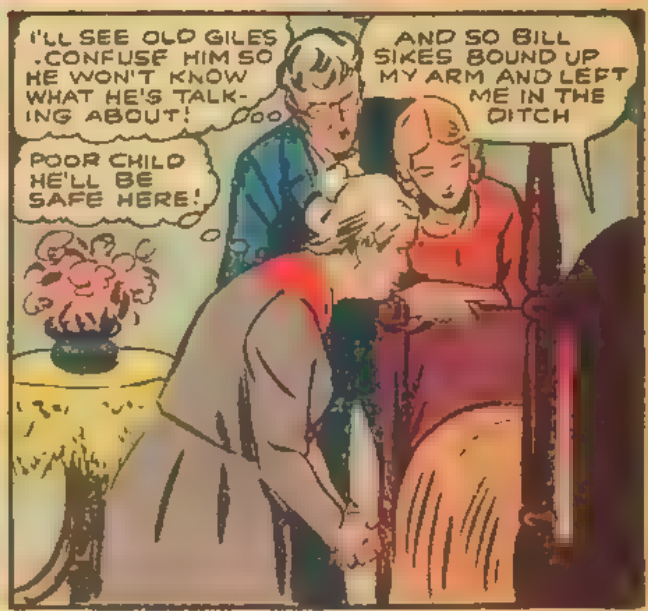

THE DOCTOR ISN'T HERE YET?
I HEAR HIM NOW! I'LL SEE HIM UPSTAIRS, MA'AM

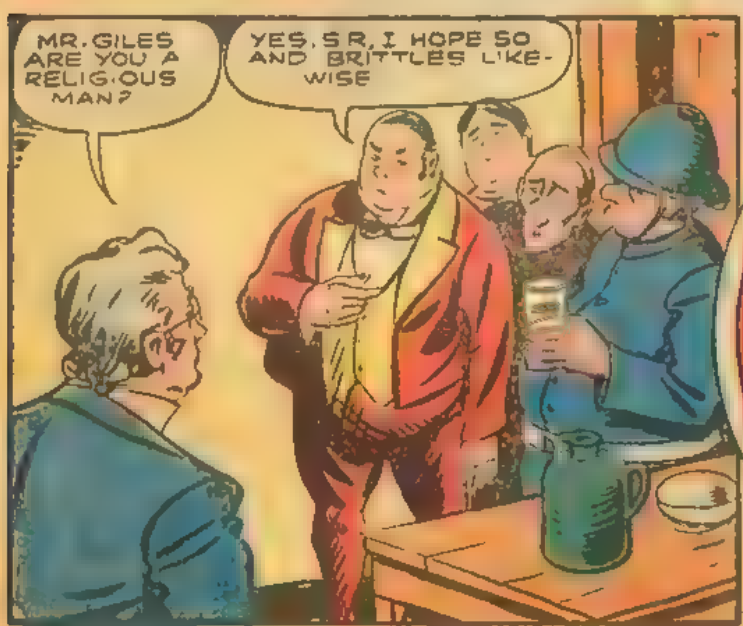

BLESS MY SOUL, WHAT A FIERCE THIEF YOU SHOT, EH, GILES? BRING SOME HOT WATER, QUICK.

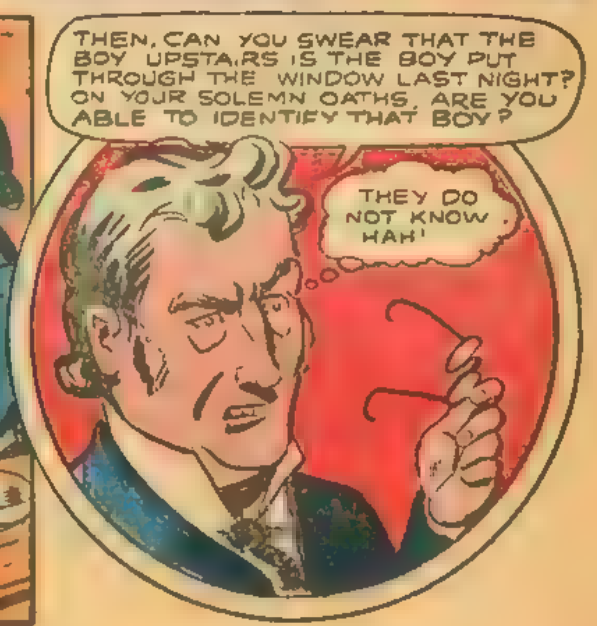

LATER THAT MORNING
HAVE YOU SEEN THIS THIEF YET? HE HASN'T SHAVED, BUT HE DOESN'T LOOK AT ALL FEROCIOUS NOTWITHSTANDING!

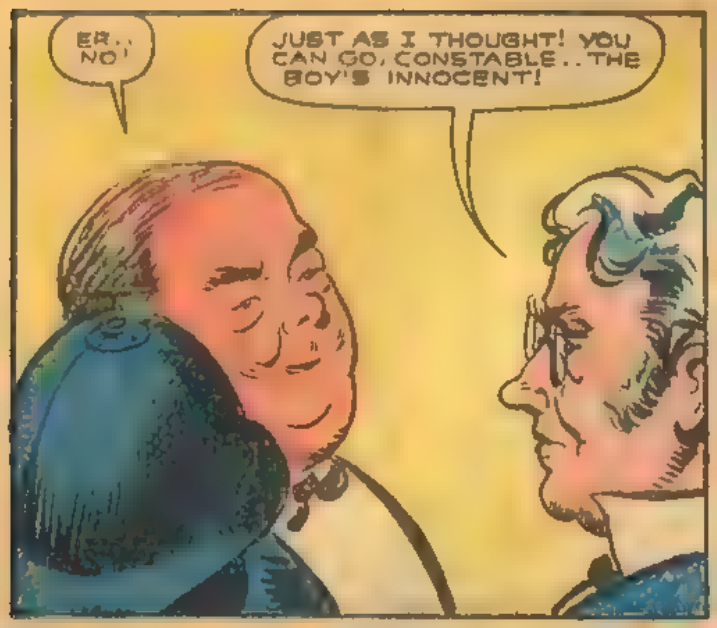

THIS POOR CHILD THE PUPIL OF ROBBERS! WHAT CAN I DO TO SAVE HIM?
LET ME THINK I'LL SEE THE CONSTABLE. BUT WE'LL GET THIS YOUNG MAN'S STORY FIRST


YOUNG MAN, ALL I WANT IS THE TRUTH!
I WAS BORN IN A WORK-HOUSE

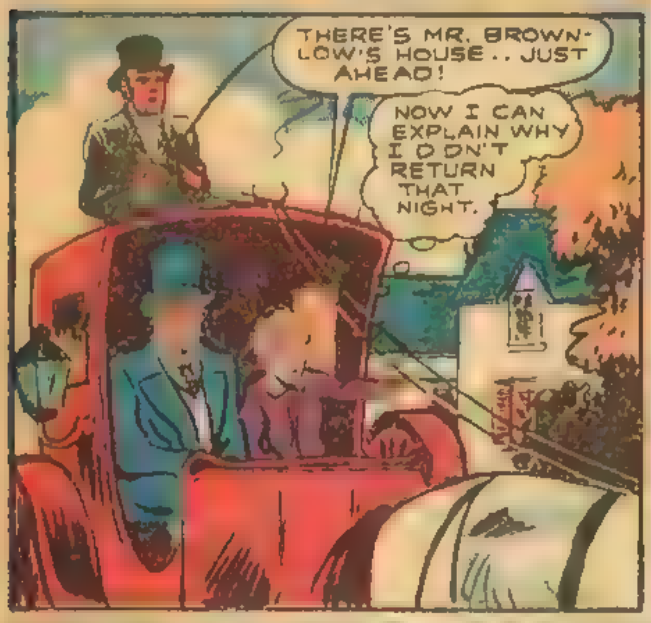

I'LL SEE OLD GILES CONFUSE HIM SO HE WON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT!
POOR CHILD HE'LL BE SAFE HERE!
AND SO BILL SIKES BOUND UP MY ARM AND LEFT ME IN THE DITCH


MR. GILES ARE YOU A RELIGIOUS MAN?
YES, SIR, I HOPE SO AND BRITTLES LIKEWISE


THEN, CAN YOU SWEAR THAT THE BOY UPSTAIRS IS THE BOY PUT THROUGH THE WINDOW LAST NIGHT? ON YOUR SOLEMN OATHS, ARE YOU ABLE TO IDENTIFY THAT BOY?
THEY DO NOT KNOW HAH!

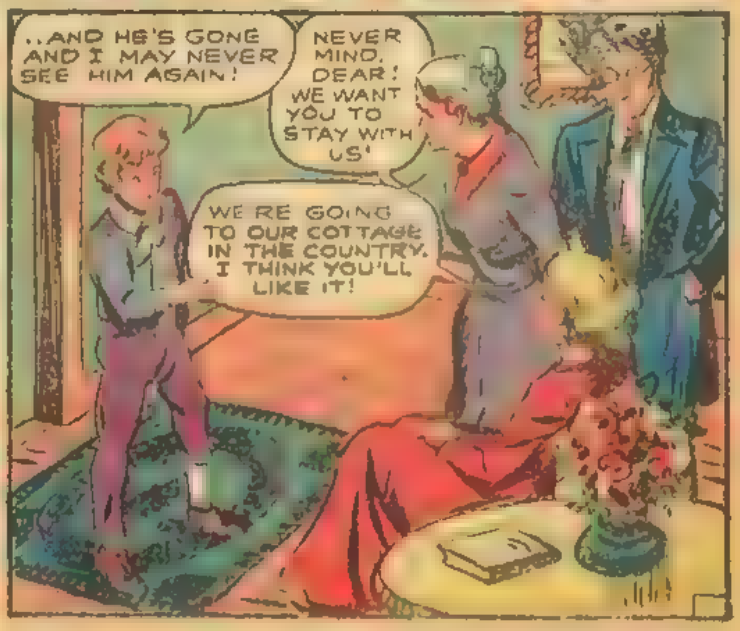

ER.. NO!
JUST AS I THOUGHT! YOU CAN GO, CONSTABLE.. THE BOY'S INNOCENT!

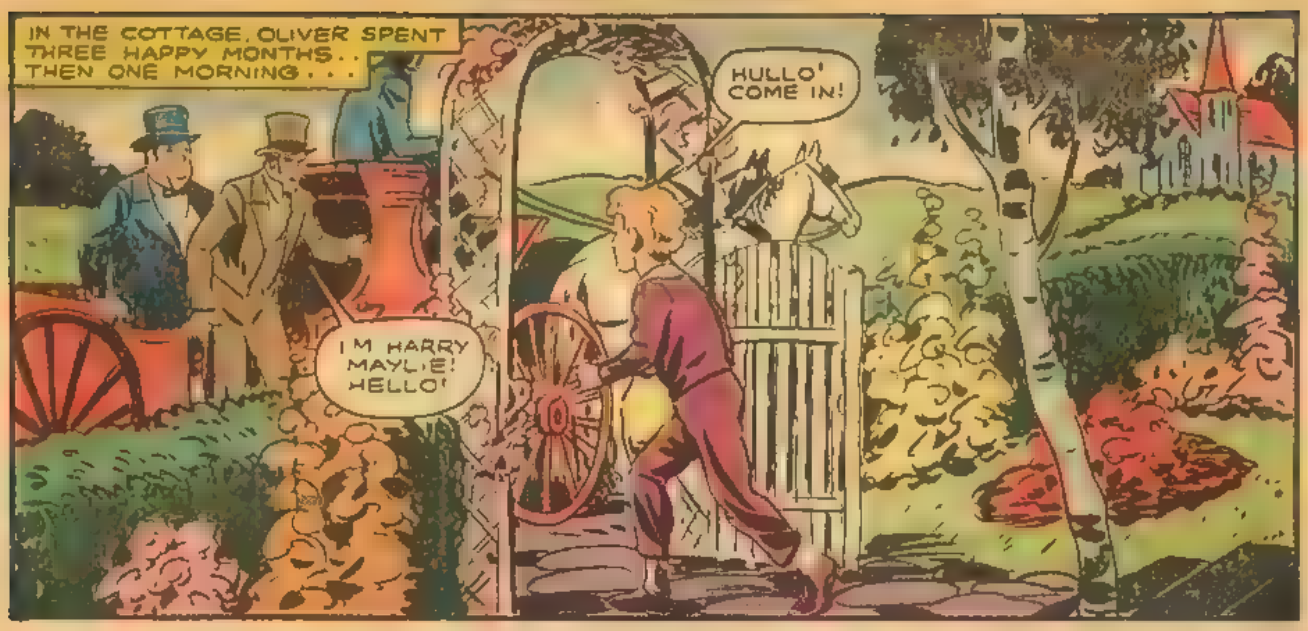
OLIVER LAY FOR WEEKS. MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE
NO, FAGIN! I WON'T STEAL! LET ME GO!
POOR BOY.. HE'S DELIRIOUS! WHEN HE GETS BETTER, DR. LOSBERNE WILL TAKE HIM TO VISIT MR BROWNLOW.

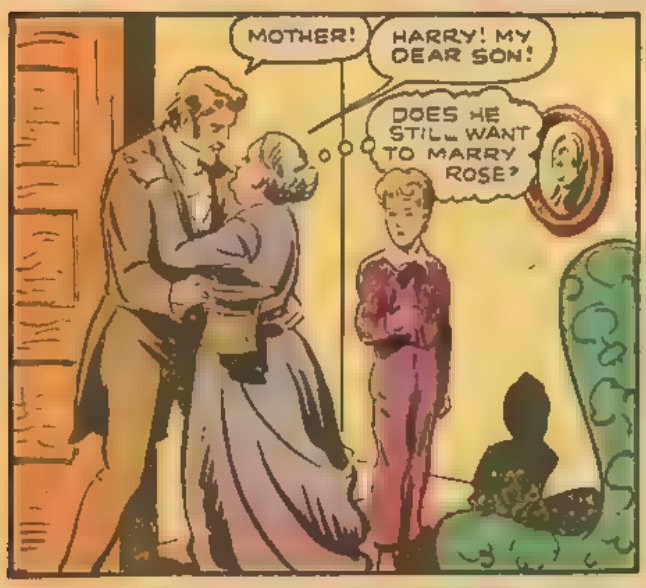

THERE'S MR. BROWNLOW'S HOUSE.. JUST AHEAD!
NOW I CAN EXPLAIN WHY I DON'T RETURN THAT NIGHT.

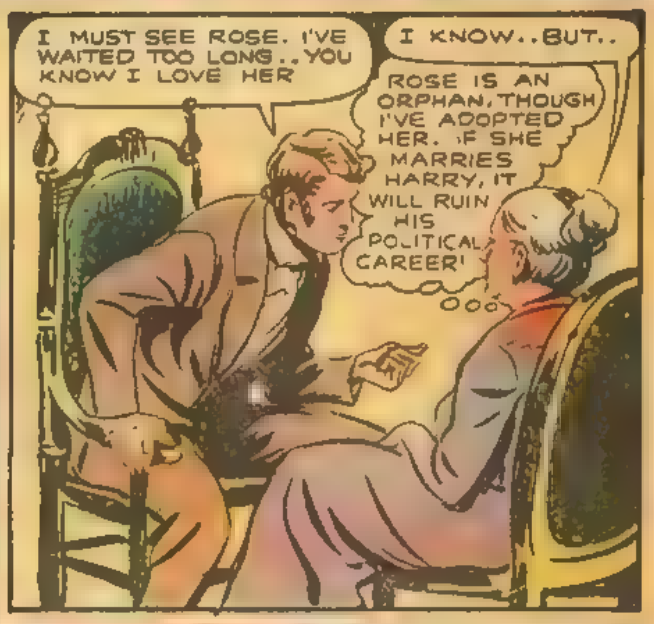
WE'LL ASK NEXT DOOR..
TO LET

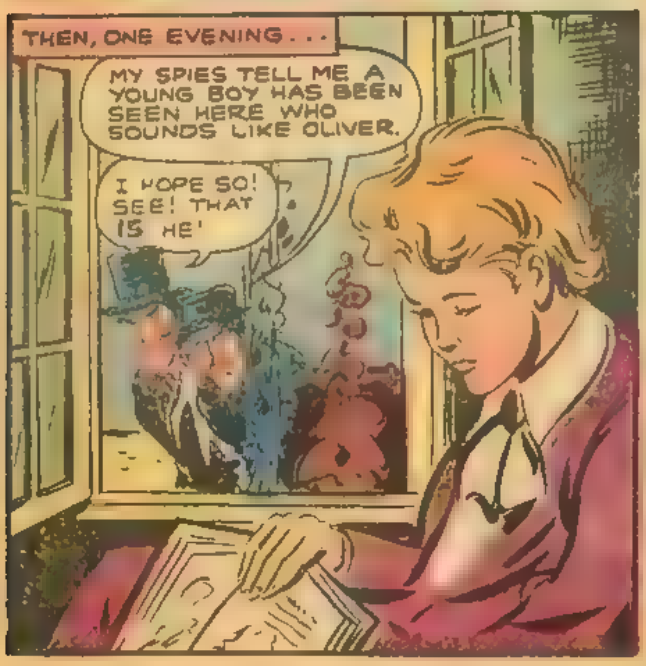
MR BROWNLOW PACKED UP AND WENT TO THE WEST INDIES SIX WEEKS AGO!
COME, OLIVER! WE'LL GO HOME!


..AND HE'S GONE AND I MAY NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN!
NEVER MIND, DEAR! WE WANT YOU TO STAY WITH US!
WE'RE GOING TO OUR COTTAGE IN THE COUNTRY. I THINK YOU'LL LIKE IT!

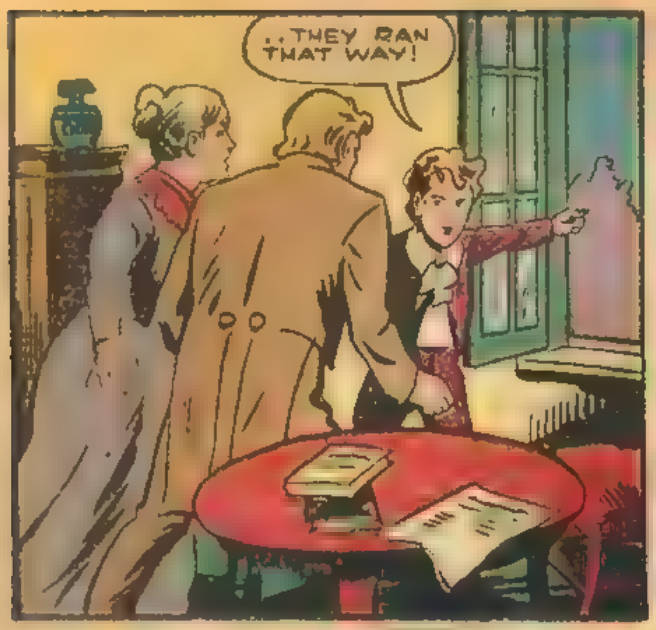

IN THE COTTAGE, OLIVER SPENT THREE HAPPY MONTHS.. THEN ONE MORNING...
I'M HARRY MAYLIE! HELLO!
HULLO! COME IN!


MOTHER!
HARRY! MY DEAR SON!
DOES HE STILL WANT TO MARRY ROSE?

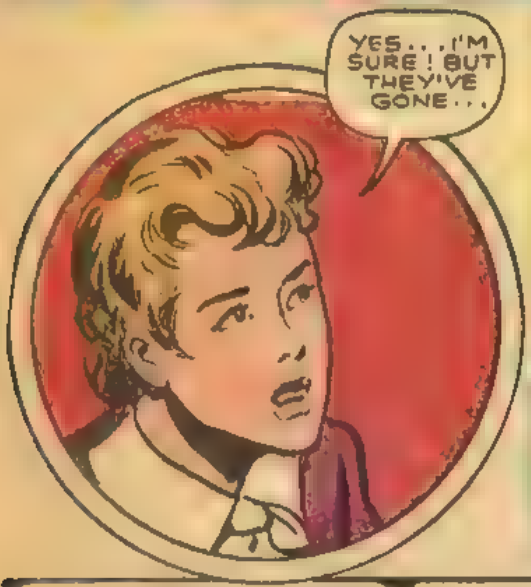

I MUST SEE ROSE. I'VE WAITED TOO LONG..YOU KNOW I LOVE HER
I KNOW..BUT..
ROSE IS AN ORPHAN, THOUGH I'VE ADOPTED HER. IF SHE MARRIES HARRY, IT WILL RUIN HIS POLITICAL CAREER!

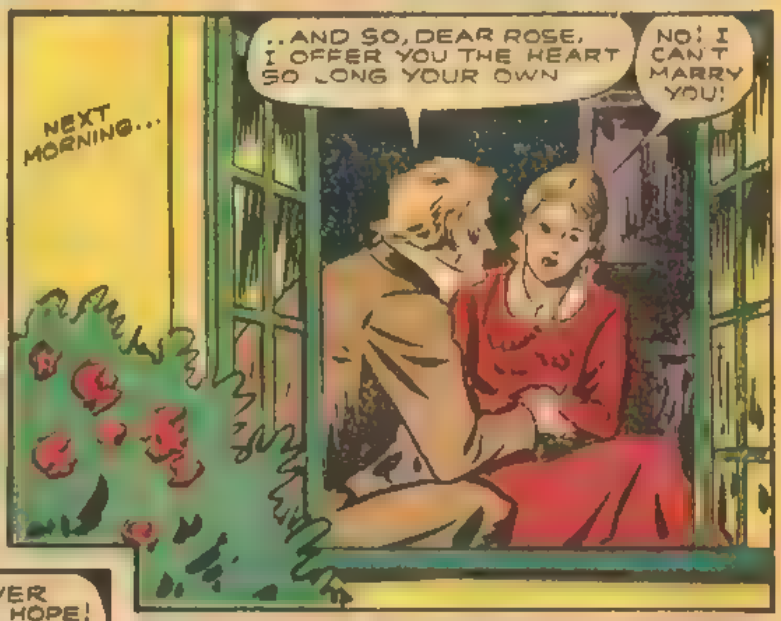

THEN, ONE EVENING...
MY SPIES TELL ME A YOUNG BOY HAS BEEN SEEN HERE WHO SOUNDS LIKE OLIVER.
I HOPE SO! SEE! THAT IS HE!

MR. MAYLIE! HARRY! COME QUICKLY!

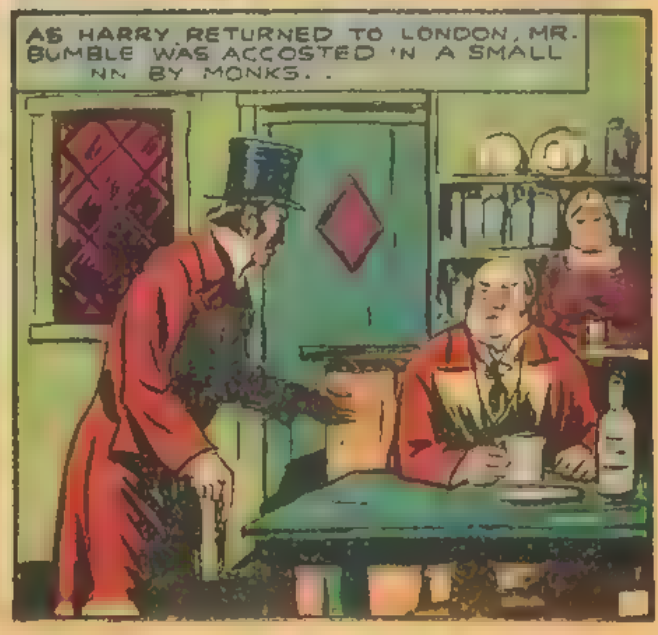

..THEY RAN THAT WAY!

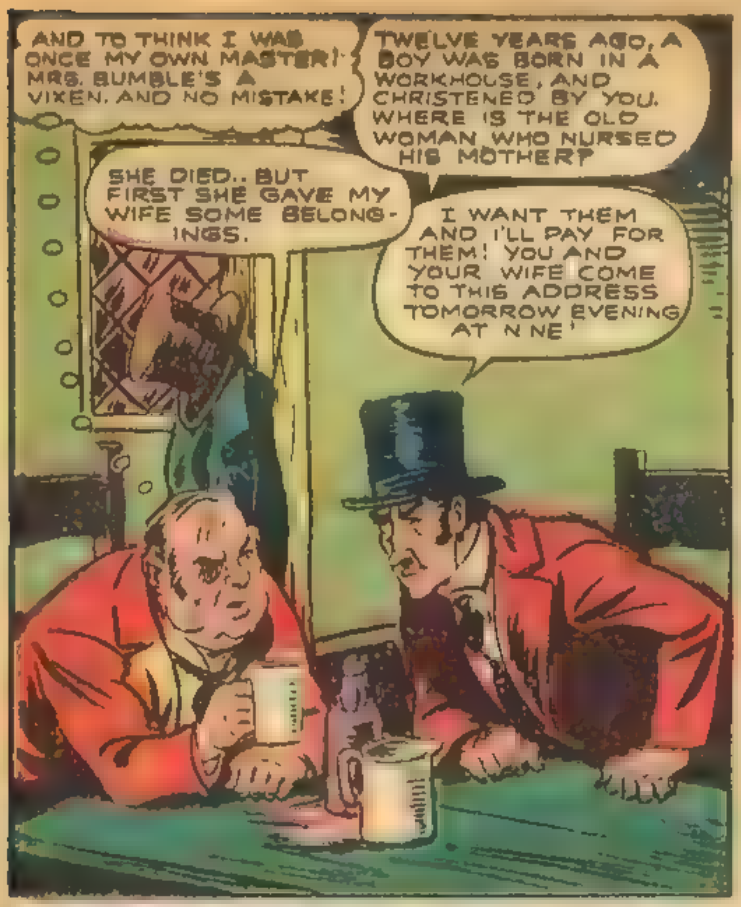
NO SIGN OF THEM IT MUST HAVE BEEN A DREAM! ARE YOU **SURE** YOU SAW FAGIN AND THE STRANGE MAN?

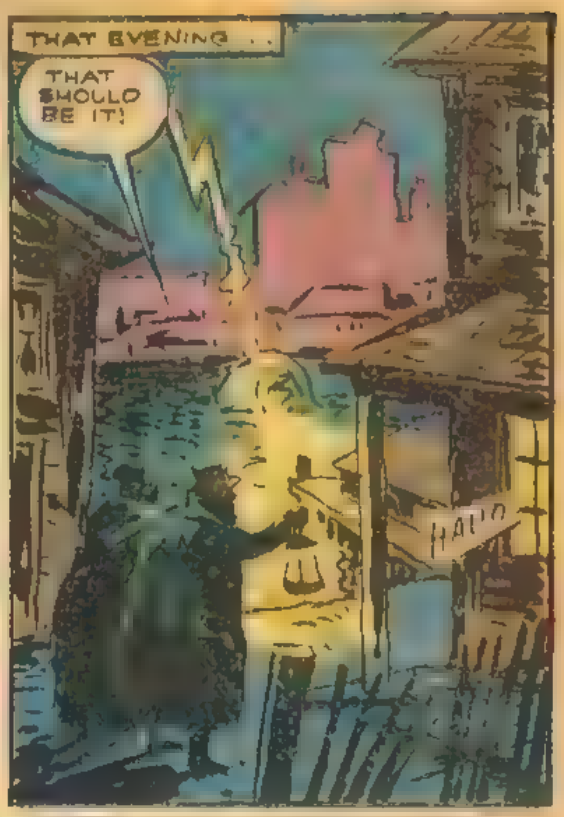

YES...I'M SURE! BUT THEY'VE GONE...


NEXT MORNING...
..AND SO, DEAR ROSE, I OFFER YOU THE HEART SO LONG YOUR OWN
NO! I CAN'T MARRY YOU!

I'M AN ORPHAN..ADOPTED BY YOUR MOTHER. YOU HAVE A GREAT PUBLIC CAREER AHEAD OF YOU. IF WE MARRIED, IT WOULD BE RUINED!
I'LL NEVER GIVE UP HOPE! NOW, THO, I MUST RETURN TO LONDON... GOODBYE. I'LL SEE YOU SOON AGAIN.


AS HARRY RETURNED TO LONDON, MR. BUMBLE WAS ACCOSTED IN A SMALL INN BY MONKS..

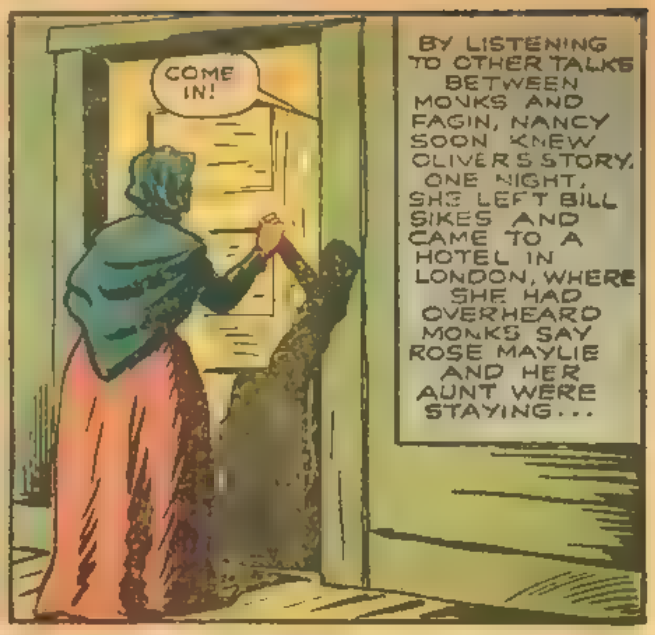

AND TO THINK I WAS ONCE MY OWN MASTER! MRS. BUMBLE'S A VIXEN, AND NO MISTAKE!
TWELVE YEARS AGO, A BOY WAS BORN IN A WORKHOUSE, AND CHRISTENED BY YOU. WHERE IS THE OLD WOMAN WHO NURSED HIS MOTHER?
SHE DIED.. BUT FIRST SHE GAVE MY WIFE SOME BELONGINGS.
I WANT THEM AND I'LL PAY FOR THEM! YOU AND YOUR WIFE COME TO THIS ADDRESS TOMORROW EVENING AT NINE!

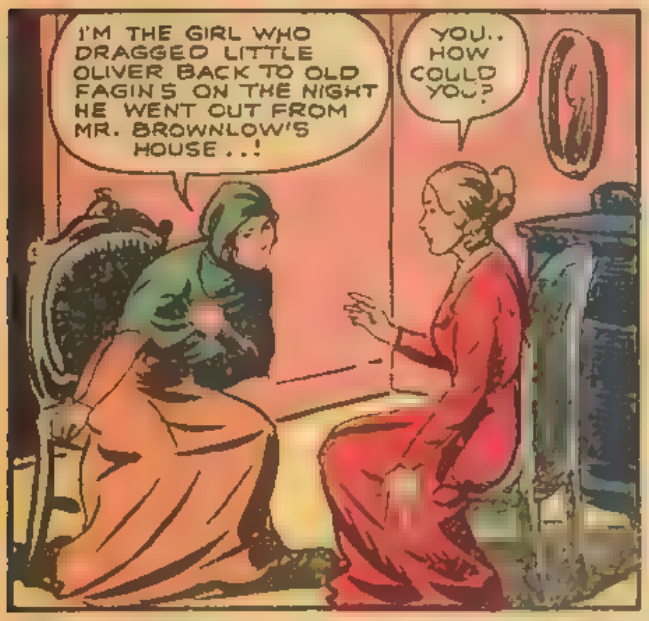

THAT EVENING . .
THAT SHOULD BE IT!

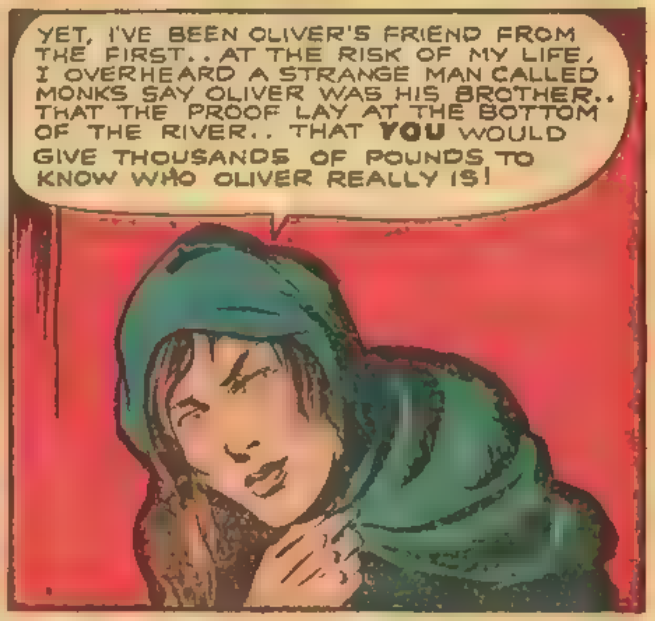
FIRST GIVE ME THE GOLD!
NOW SPEAK!

BEFORE OLD SALLY DIED, SHE TOLD ME SHE HAD STOLEN A GOLD LOCKET AND WEDDING RING FROM THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN.
HERE THEY ARE!
AGNES

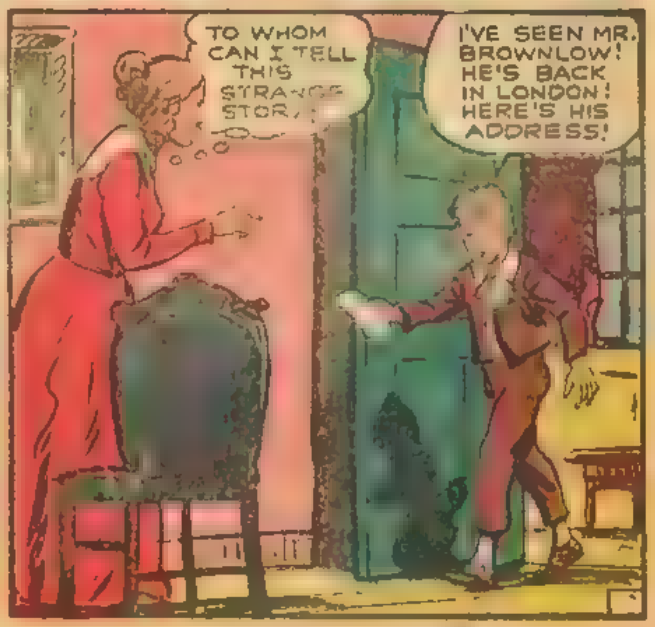
THERE! NOW GO.. BOTH OF YOU!
ALL EVIDENCE OF OLIVER'S BIRTH IS NOW DESTROYED! NO ONE KNOWS HE IS MY HALF-BROTHER. I CAN LIVE ON HIS INHERITANCE WITHOUT FEAR!

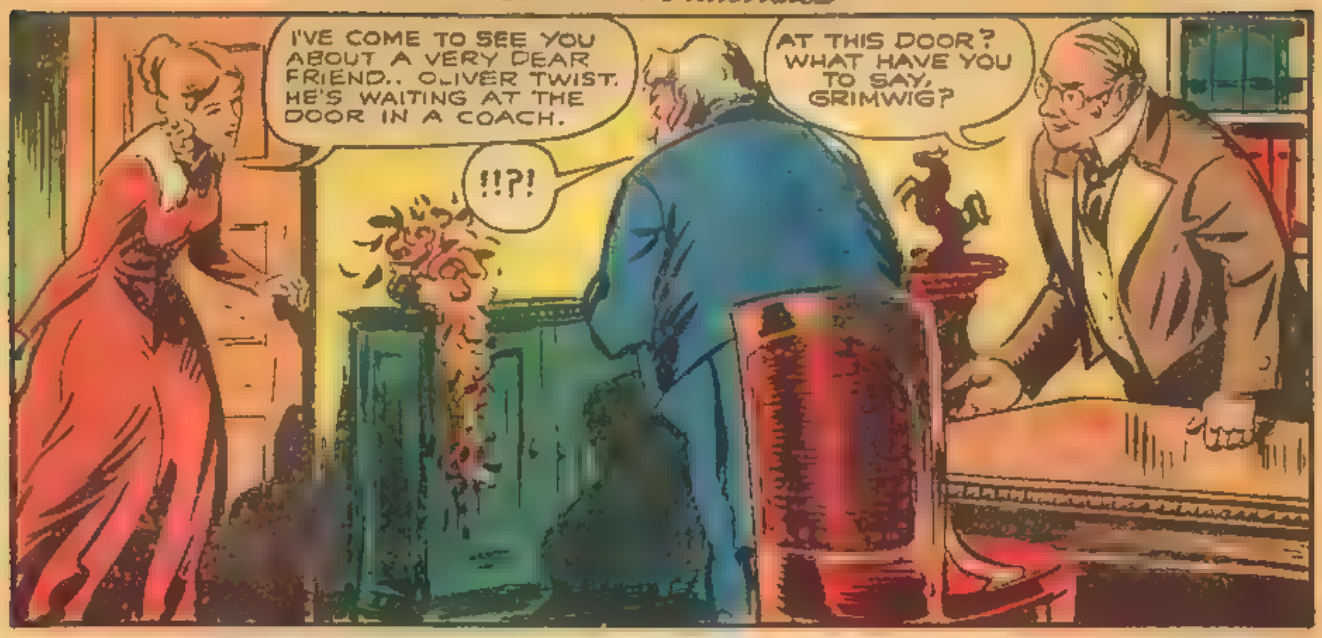

COME IN!
BY LISTENING TO OTHER TALKS BETWEEN MONKS AND FAGIN, NANCY SOON KNEW OLIVER'S STORY. ONE NIGHT, SHE LEFT BILL SIKES AND CAME TO A HOTEL IN LONDON, WHERE SHE HAD OVERHEARD MONKS SAY ROSE MAYLIE AND HER AUNT WERE STAYING...

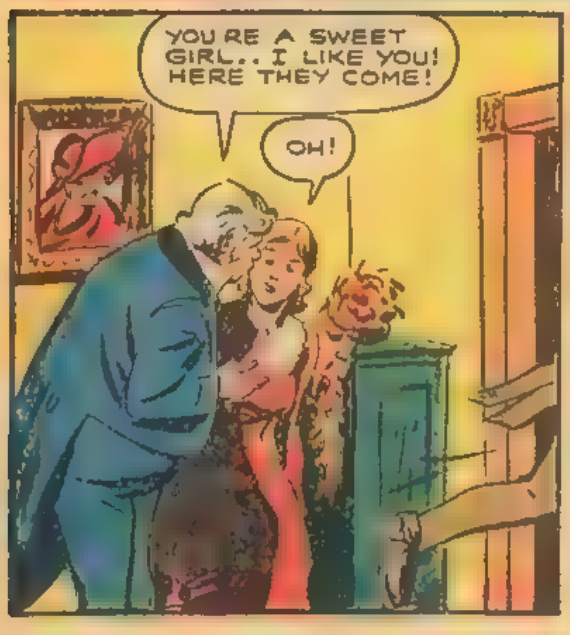

I'M THE GIRL WHO DRAGGED LITTLE OLIVER BACK TO OLD FAGIN'S ON THE NIGHT HE WENT OUT FROM MR. BROWNLOW'S HOUSE..!
YOU.. HOW COULD YOU?

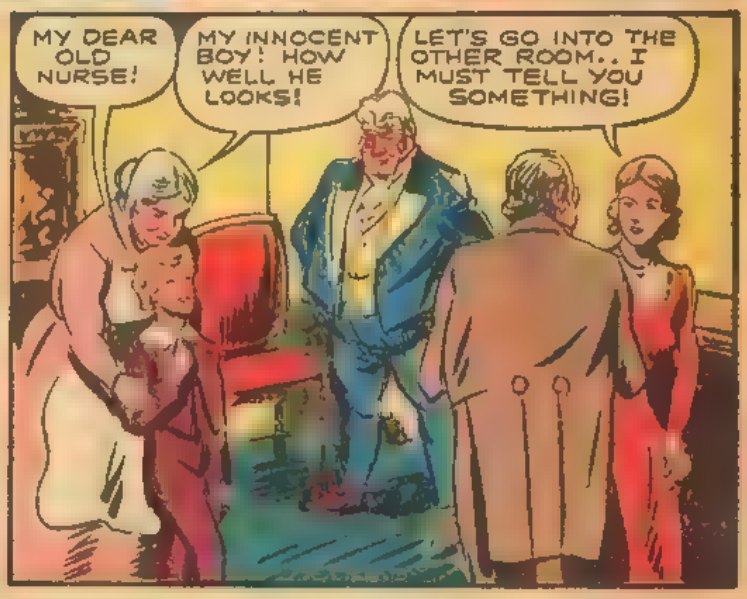

YET, I'VE BEEN OLIVER'S FRIEND FROM THE FIRST.. AT THE RISK OF MY LIFE, I OVERHEARD A STRANGE MAN CALLED MONKS SAY OLIVER WAS HIS BROTHER.. THAT THE PROOF LAY AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER.. THAT YOU WOULD GIVE THOUSANDS OF POUNDS TO KNOW WHO OLIVER REALLY IS!

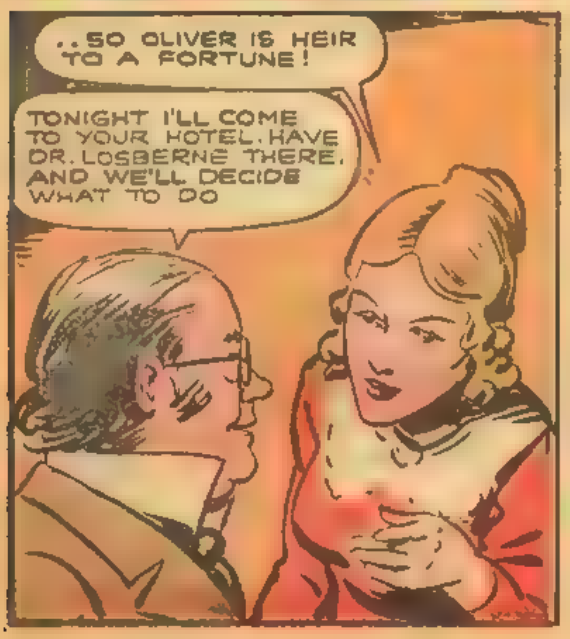
STAY HERE WITH ME.. DON'T GO BACK TO THOSE DREADFUL PEOPLE.
I MUST GO BACK TO BILL.. HE'S ALL I HAVE TO LOVE. SHOULD YOU WANT TO QUESTION ME FURTHER, MEET ME ON LONDON BRIDGE I'LL WALK THERE EVERY SUNDAY NIGHT, FROM ELEVEN 'TIL THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE.. AS LONG AS I'M ALIVE!

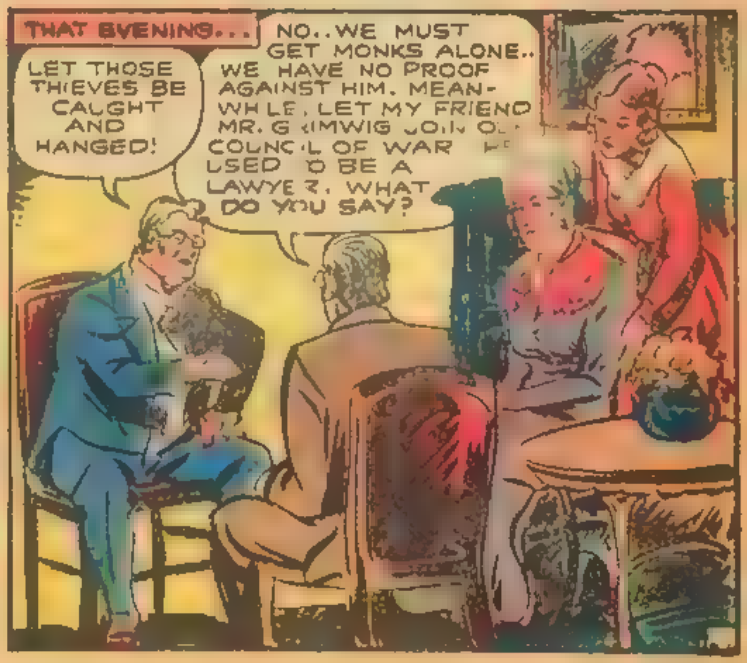

TO WHOM CAN I TELL THIS STRANGE STORY!
I'VE SEEN MR. BROWNLOW! HE'S BACK IN LONDON! HERE'S HIS ADDRESS!

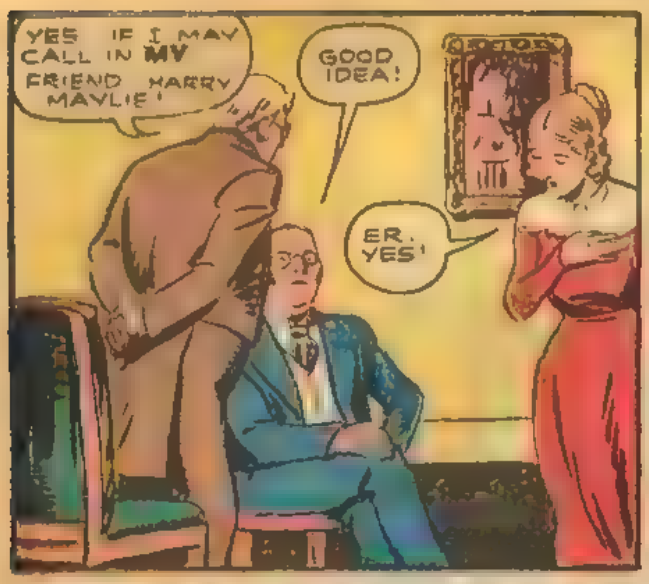

I'VE COME TO SEE YOU ABOUT A VERY DEAR FRIEND.. OLIVER TWIST. HE'S WAITING AT THE DOOR IN A COACH.
!!?!
AT THIS DOOR? WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY, GRIMWIG?


YOU RE A SWEET GIRL.. I LIKE YOU! HERE THEY COME!
OH!

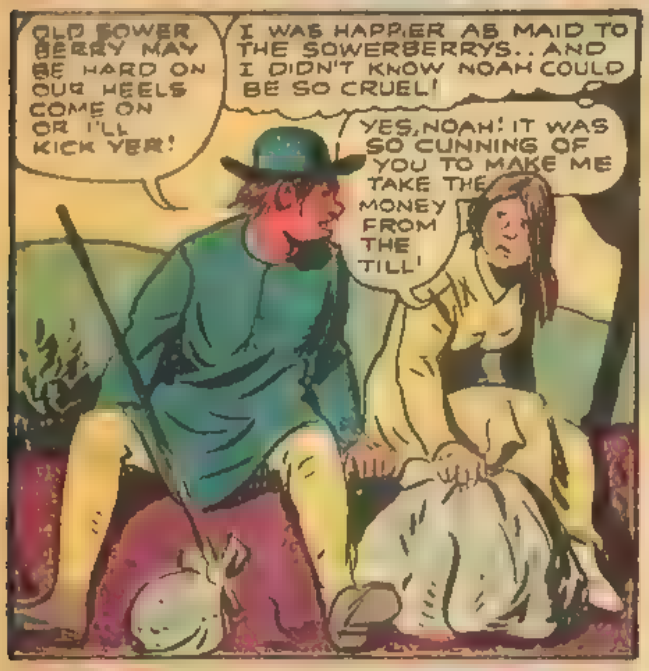

MY DEAR OLD NURSE!
MY INNOCENT BOY! HOW WELL HE LOOKS!
LET'S GO INTO THE OTHER ROOM.. I MUST TELL YOU SOMETHING!


..SO OLIVER IS HEIR TO A FORTUNE!
TONIGHT I'LL COME TO YOUR HOTEL. HAVE DR. LOSBERNE THERE, AND WE'LL DECIDE WHAT TO DO


THAT EVENING...
LET THOSE THIEVES BE CAUGHT AND HANGED!
NO..WE MUST GET MONKS ALONE.. WE HAVE NO PROOF AGAINST HIM. MEANWHILE, LET MY FRIEND MR. GRIMWIG JOIN OUR COUNCIL OF WAR HE USED TO BE A LAWYER. WHAT DO YOU SAY?

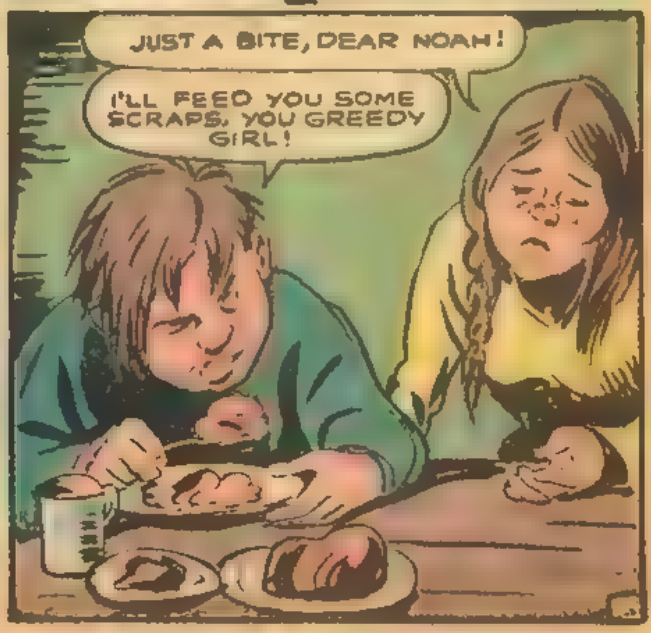

YES IF I MAY CALL IN MY FRIEND HARRY MAYLIE!
GOOD IDEA!
ER, YES!

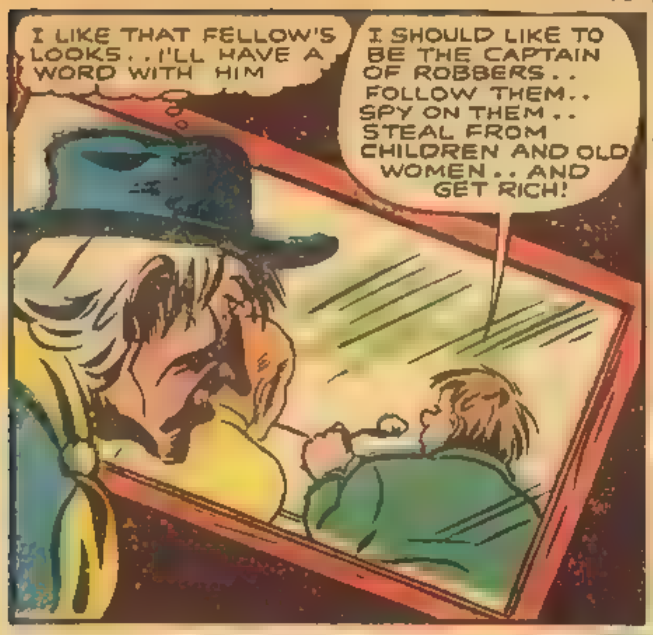
MEANWHILE .ON THE ROAD TO LONDON . .
TO LONDON
COME ON, CAN'T YER? WHAT A LAZYBONES YOU ARE, CHARLOTTE!
MY LOAD IS SO HEAVY LET ME REST JUST A MOMENT!

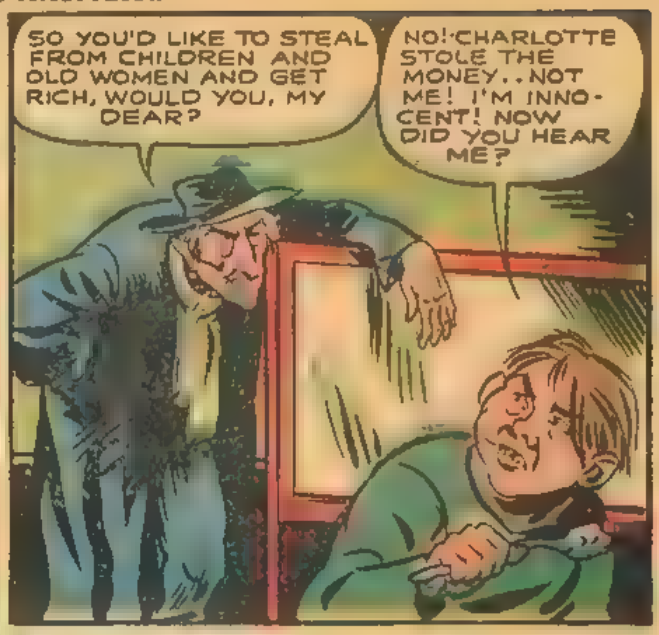

OLD SOWER BERRY MAY BE HARD ON OUR HEELS COME ON OR I'LL KICK YER!
I WAS HAPPIER AS MAID TO THE SOWERBERRYS.. AND I DIDN'T KNOW NOAH COULD BE SO CRUEL!
YES, NOAH! IT WAS SO CUNNING OF YOU TO MAKE ME TAKE THE MONEY FROM THE TILL!

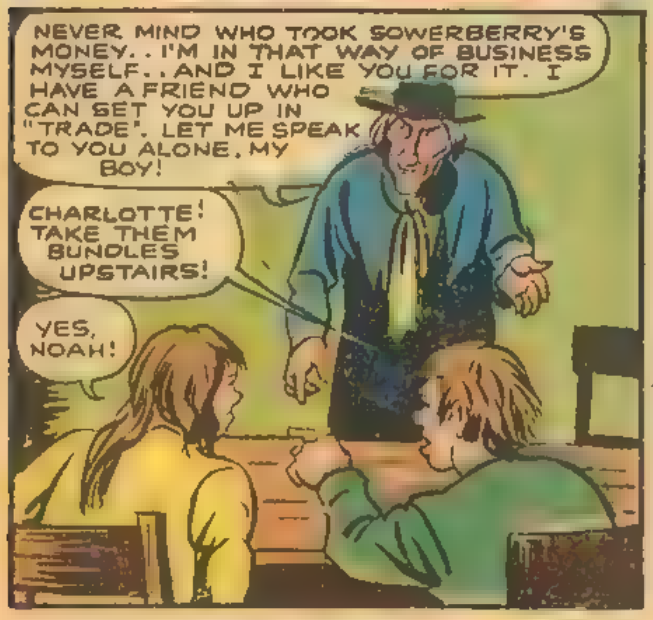
THE LIGHTS OF LONDON! SOON WE CAN STOP FOR THE NIGHT!
WE'LL LIVE LIKE A LORD AND LADY!

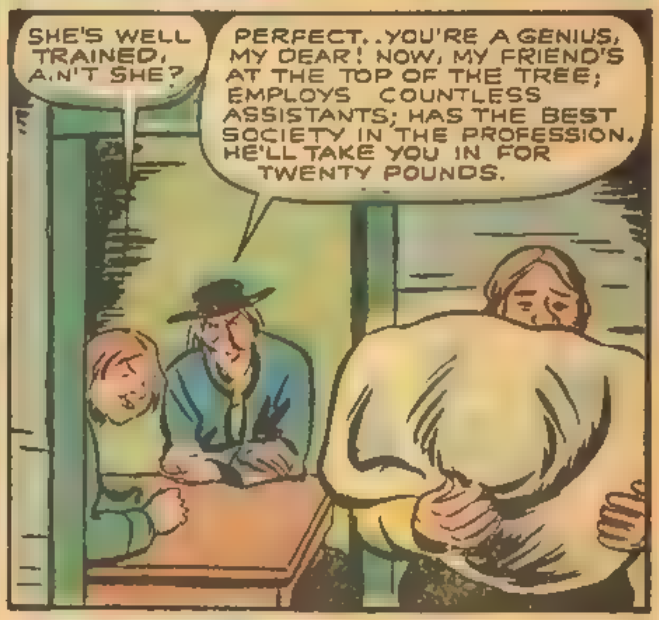
COME ON WE'LL STOP HERE!
Green Dragon Inn

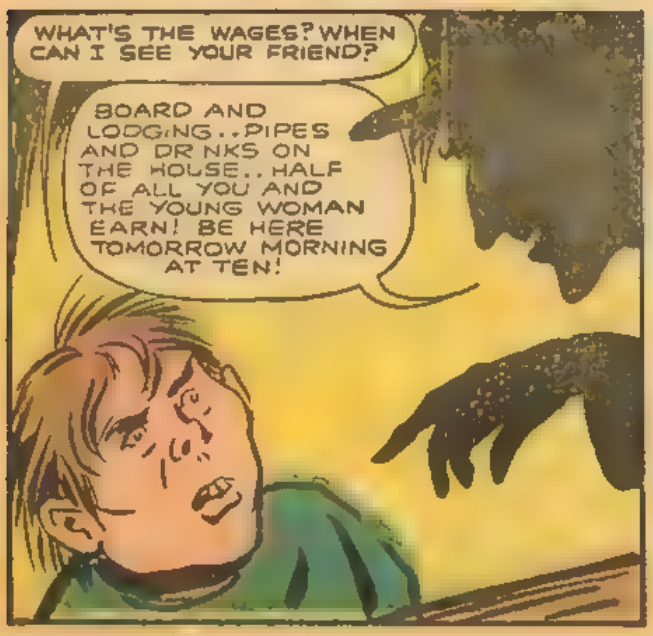

JUST A BITE, DEAR NOAH!
I'LL FEED YOU SOME SCRAPS, YOU GREEDY GIRL!

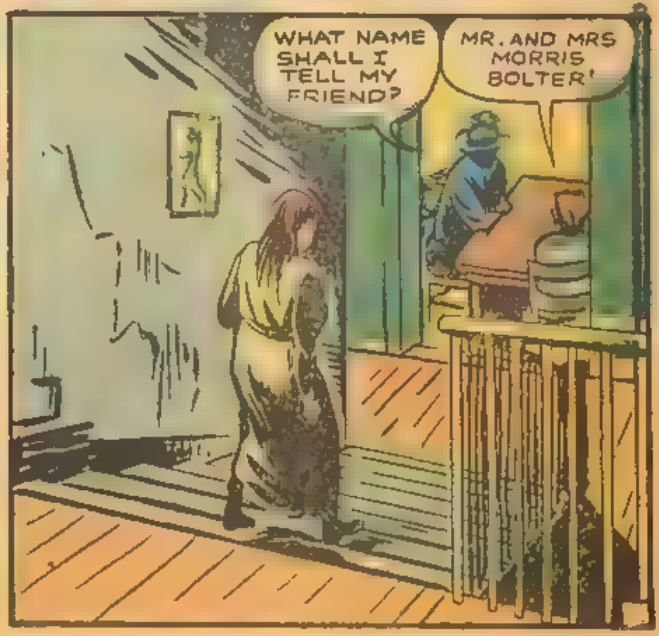

I LIKE THAT FELLOW'S LOOKS..I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH HIM
I SHOULD LIKE TO BE THE CAPTAIN OF ROBBERS.. FOLLOW THEM.. SPY ON THEM.. STEAL FROM CHILDREN AND OLD WOMEN.. AND GET RICH!

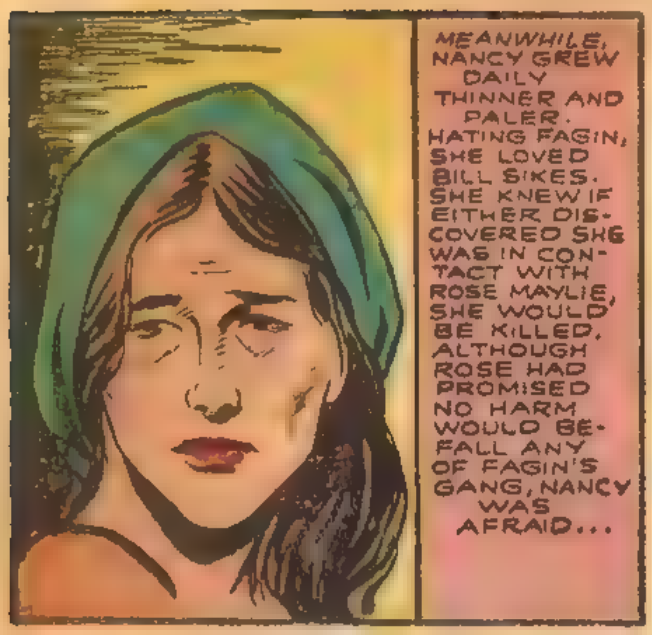

SO YOU'D LIKE TO STEAL FROM CHILDREN AND OLD WOMEN AND GET RICH, WOULD YOU, MY DEAR?
NO! CHARLOTTE STOLE THE MONEY..NOT ME! I'M INNOCENT! NOW DID YOU HEAR ME?

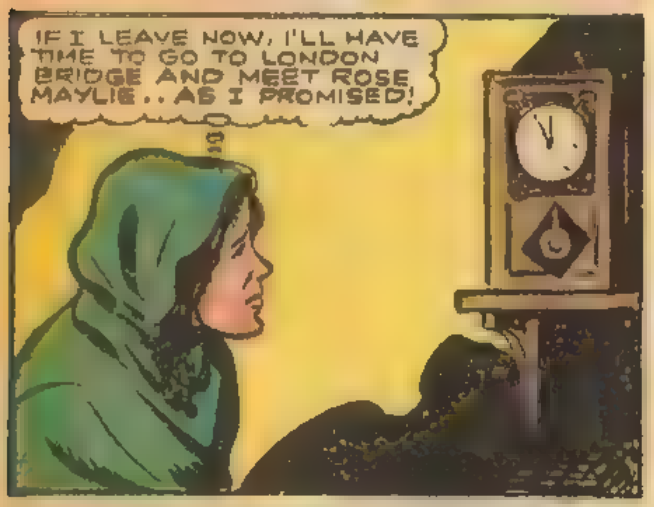

NEVER MIND WHO TOOK SOWERBERRY'S MONEY..I'M IN THAT WAY OF BUSINESS MYSELF..AND I LIKE YOU FOR IT. I HAVE A FRIEND WHO CAN SET YOU UP IN "TRADE". LET ME SPEAK TO YOU ALONE, MY BOY!
CHARLOTTE! TAKE THEM BUNDLES UPSTAIRS!
YES, NOAH!


SHE'S WELL TRAINED, AIN'T SHE?
PERFECT..YOU'RE A GENIUS, MY DEAR! NOW, MY FRIEND'S AT THE TOP OF THE TREE; EMPLOYS COUNTLESS ASSISTANTS; HAS THE BEST SOCIETY IN THE PROFESSION. HE'LL TAKE YOU IN FOR TWENTY POUNDS.

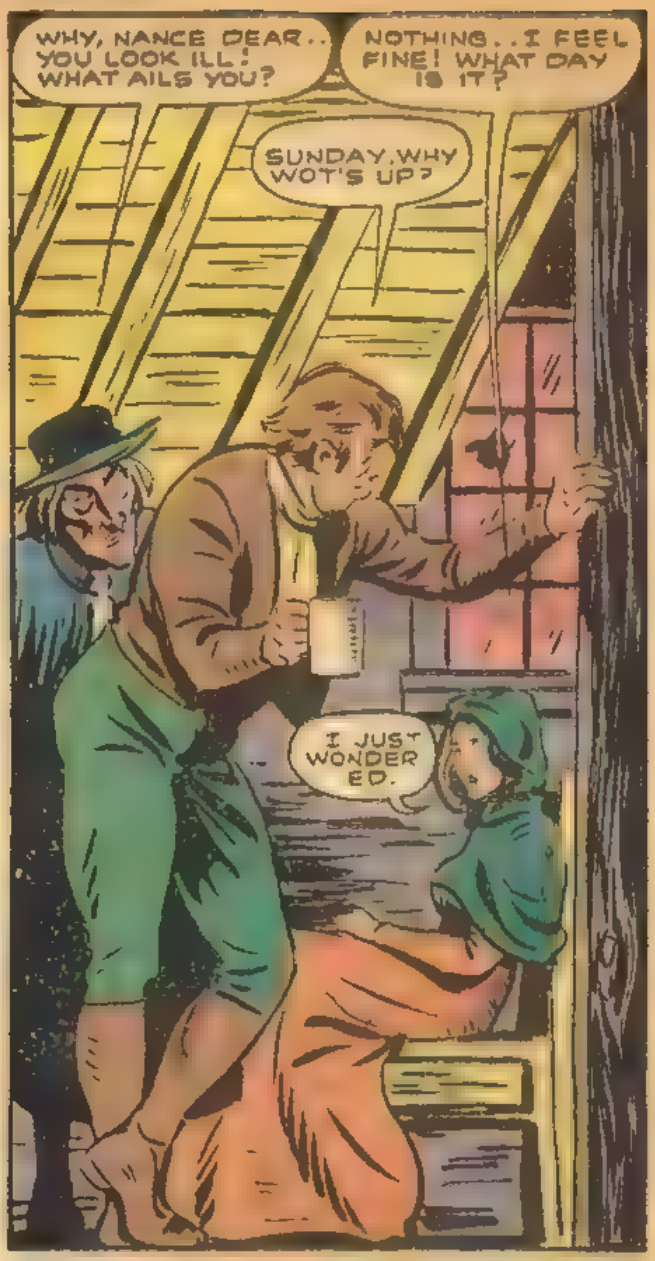

WHAT'S THE WAGES? WHEN CAN I SEE YOUR FRIEND?
BOARD AND LODGING..PIPES AND DRINKS ON THE HOUSE..HALF OF ALL YOU AND THE YOUNG WOMAN EARN! BE HERE TOMORROW MORNING AT TEN!


WHAT NAME SHALL I TELL MY FRIEND?
MR. AND MRS MORRIS BOLTER!


MEANWHILE, NANCY GREW DAILY THINNER AND PALER. HATING FAGIN, SHE LOVED BILL SIKES. SHE KNEW IF EITHER DISCOVERED SHE WAS IN CONTACT WITH ROSE MAYLIE, SHE WOULD BE KILLED, ALTHOUGH ROSE HAD PROMISED NO HARM WOULD BEFALL ANY OF FAGIN'S GANG, NANCY WAS AFRAID...


IF I LEAVE NOW, I'LL HAVE TIME TO GO TO LONDON BRIDGE AND MEET ROSE MAYLIE.. AS I PROMISED!

HALLO! WHERE'S THE GAL GOING AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?
NOT FAR!


WHY, NANCE DEAR.. YOU LOOK ILL! WHAT AILS YOU?
NOTHING..I FEEL FINE! WHAT DAY IS IT?
SUNDAY, WHY WOT'S UP?
I JUST WONDER ED.

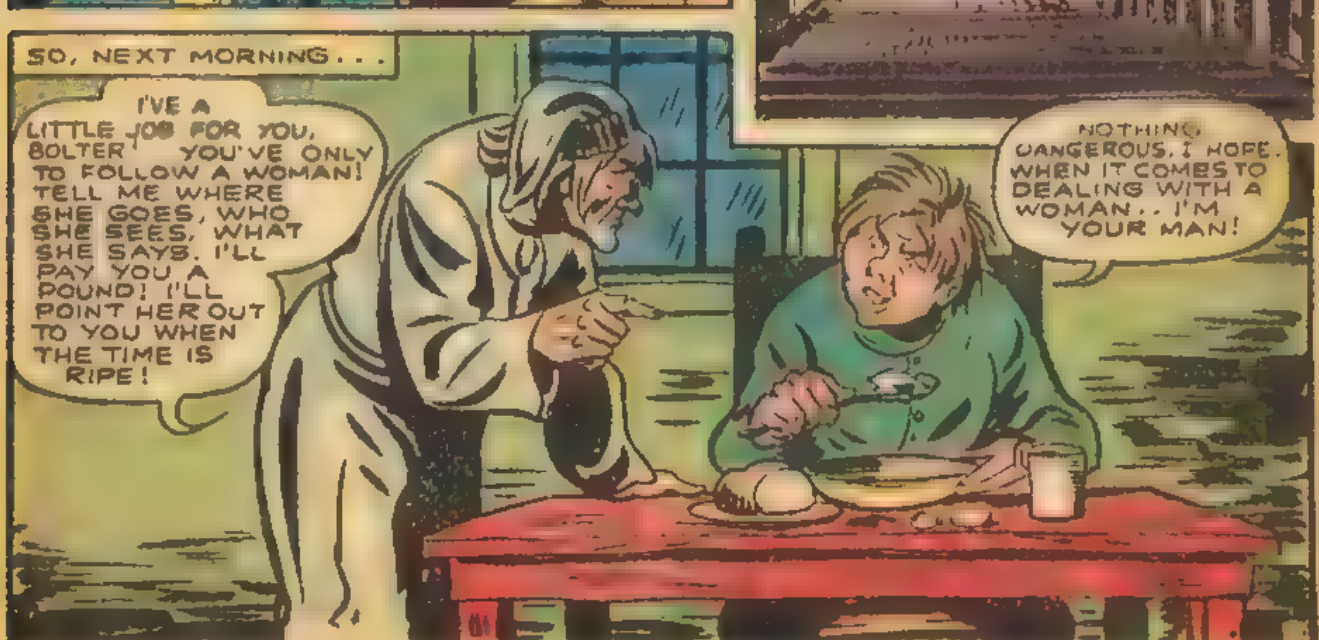
NO YOU DON'T! SIT DOWN!
I'M NOT WELL.. I WANT A BREATH OF AIR LET ME GO, BILL!

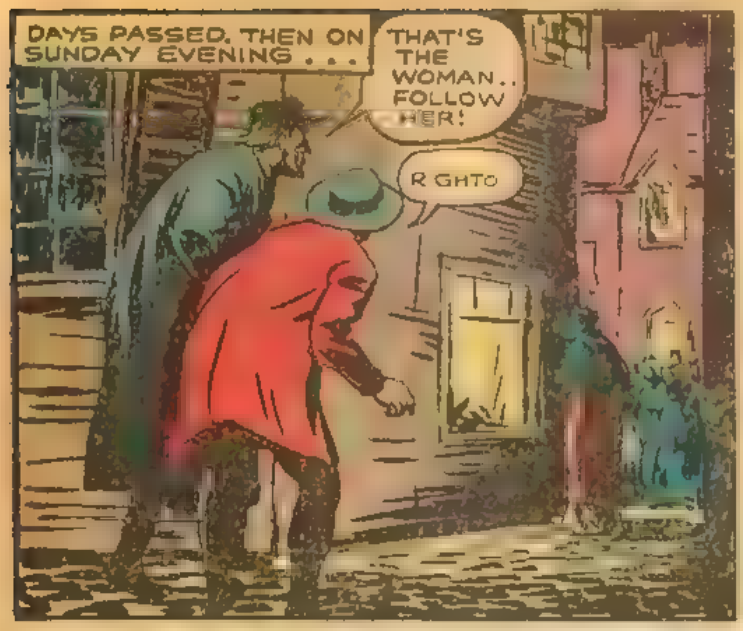
LET GO!
THE GAL'S STARK RAVING MAD!

TWELVE O'CLOCK.. AND ALL'S WELL!
DON'T TRY TO GO OUT AGAIN TONIGHT, D'YE HEAR?
YES, BILL!

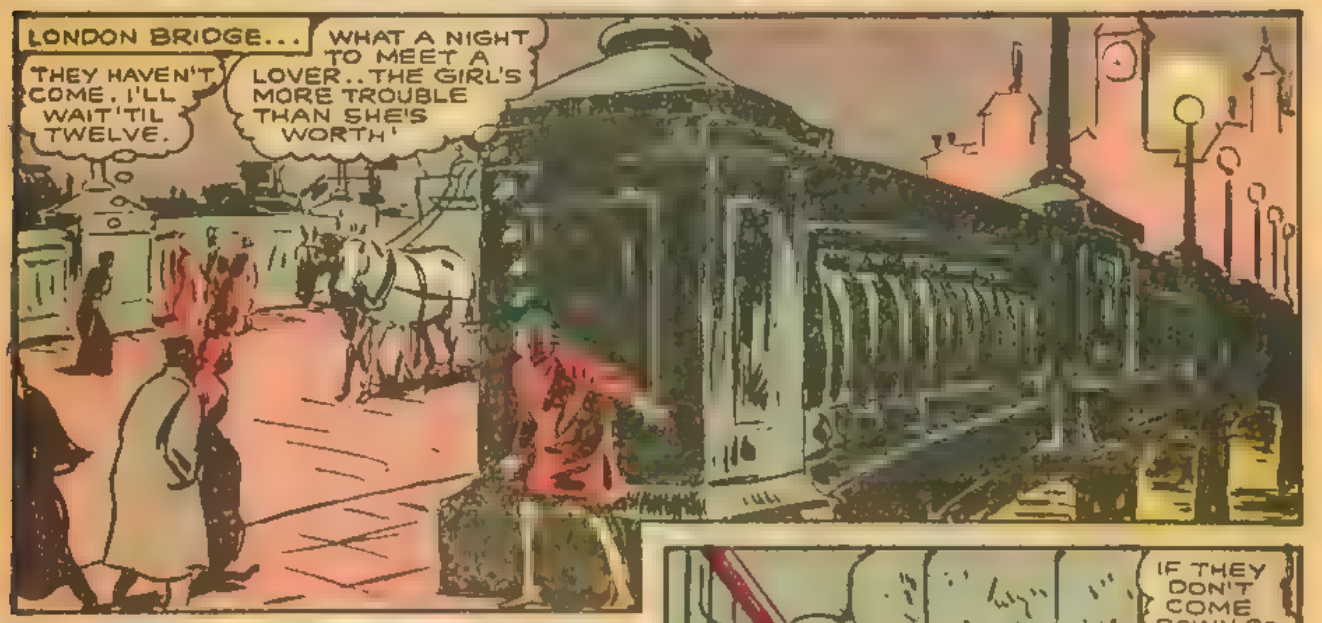
I'VE A PLAN TO GET RID OF SIKES AND STRENGTHEN MY HOLD ON NANCY.. IF SIKES ONLY KNEW HOW I HATE HIM!
I'M GOING HOME NOW. WILL SOMEBODY LIGHT ME DOWN THE STAIRS?
LIGHT HIM DOWN, NANCY. IT'S A PITY HE SHOULD BREAK HIS NECK HIMSELF AND DISAPPOINT THE HANGMAN!

IF NANCY WOULD POISON SIKES, SHE COULD GET UP HER NEW "FRIEND" IN HIS PLACE.. I'M SURE SHE WAS GOING TO SEE HIM TONIGHT.. I MUST DISCOVER WHO HE IS!
UH-HUH.. GOOD NIGHT!
IF THAT BRUTE BEAST UPSTAIRS IS SO HARD WITH YOU, WHY DON'T YOU. BUT WE CAN TALK LATER.


SO, NEXT MORNING...
I'VE A LITTLE JOB FOR YOU, BOLTER! YOU'VE ONLY TO FOLLOW A WOMAN! TELL ME WHERE SHE GOES, WHO SHE SEES, WHAT SHE SAYS. I'LL PAY YOU A POUND! I'LL POINT HER OUT TO YOU WHEN THE TIME IS RIPE!
NOTHING DANGEROUS, I HOPE. WHEN IT COMES TO DEALING WITH A WOMAN.. I'M YOUR MAN!

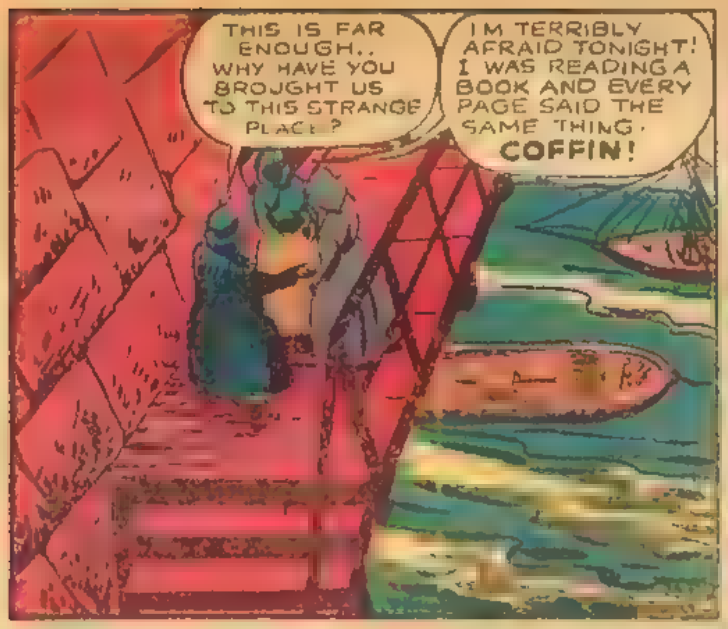

DAYS PASSED. THEN ON SUNDAY EVENING . . .
THAT'S THE WOMAN.. FOLLOW HER!
R GHTO

IF I HURRY, I CAN GET TO LONDON BRIDGE IN TIME!

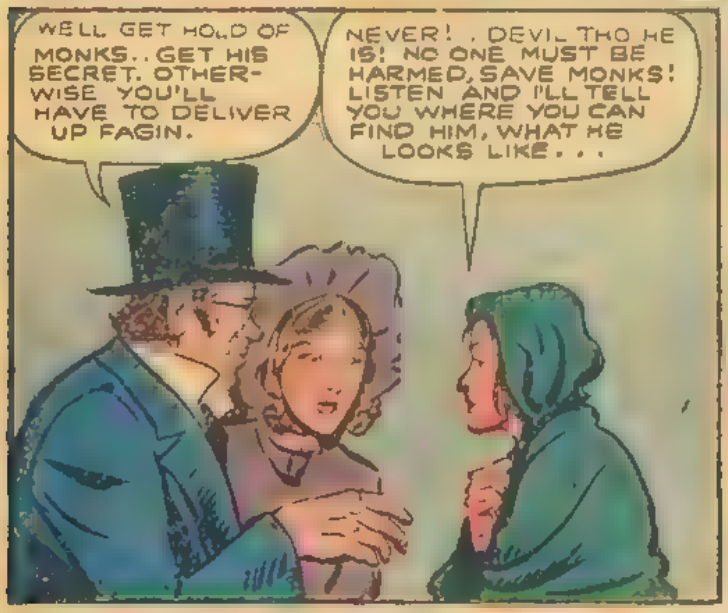

LONDON BRIDGE...
WHAT A NIGHT TO MEET A LOVER..THE GIRL'S MORE TROUBLE THAN SHE'S WORTH!
THEY HAVEN'T COME. I'LL WAIT'TIL TWELVE.

I'M AFRAID TO SPEAK HERE! COME DOWN YONDER STEPS

IF THEY DON'T COME DOWN SO FAR, I CAN HEAR WITHOUT BEING SEEN!

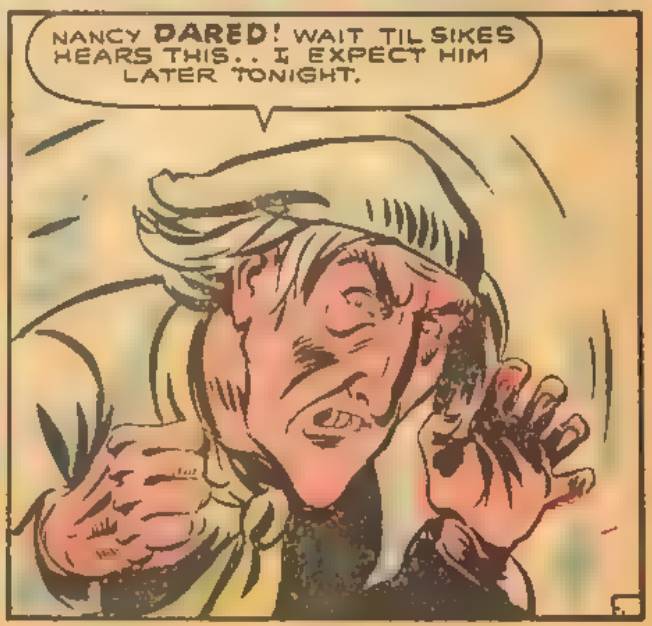

THIS IS FAR ENOUGH.. WHY HAVE YOU BROUGHT US TO THIS STRANGE PLACE?
I'M TERRIBLY AFRAID TONIGHT! I WAS READING A BOOK AND EVERY PAGE SAID THE SAME THING. COFFIN!

IMAGINATION! YOU WEREN'T HERE LAST SUNDAY!
I COULDN'T COME! I WAS KEPT BY FORCE! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT OLIVER?


WE'LL GET HOLD OF MONKS.. GET HIS SECRET. OTHERWISE YOU'LL HAVE TO DELIVER UP FAGIN.
NEVER! . DEVIL THO HE IS! NO ONE MUST BE HARMED, SAVE MONKS! LISTEN AND I'LL TELL YOU WHERE YOU CAN FIND HIM, WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE . . .

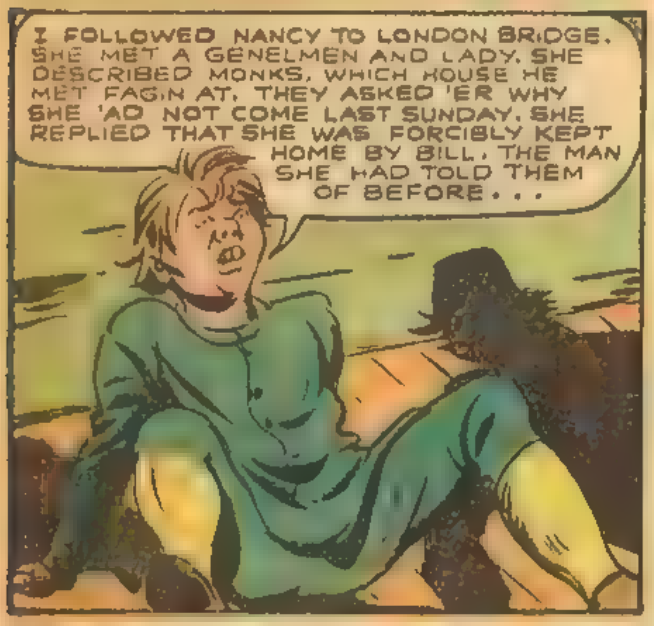
WHEN FAGIN HEARS THIS, I'LL BE WELL REWARDED. BUT NANCY'S LIFE WON'T BE WORTH A TUPPENCE!

SUCH NEWS, FAGIN! YOU'LL BE AMAZED!


NANCY DARED! WAIT TIL SIKES HEARS THIS.. I EXPECT HIM LATER TONIGHT.

THERE! ANOTHER LITTLE PIECE OF WORK DONE! WHAT'S WRONG? WOT DO YE LOOK AT A MAN SO FOR!?
I'VE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU, ABOUT NANCE!

OUT WITH IT, YOU THUNDERING OLD CUR, OUT WITH IT!
BOLTER.. WAKE UP! TELL HIM ABOUT NANCY!


I FOLLOWED NANCY TO LONDON BRIDGE. SHE MET A GENELMEN AND LADY. SHE DESCRIBED MONKS, WHICH HOUSE HE MET FAGIN AT. THEY ASKED 'ER WHY SHE 'AD NOT COME LAST SUNDAY. SHE REPLIED THAT SHE WAS FORCIBLY KEPT HOME BY BILL, THE MAN SHE HAD TOLD THEM OF BEFORE...

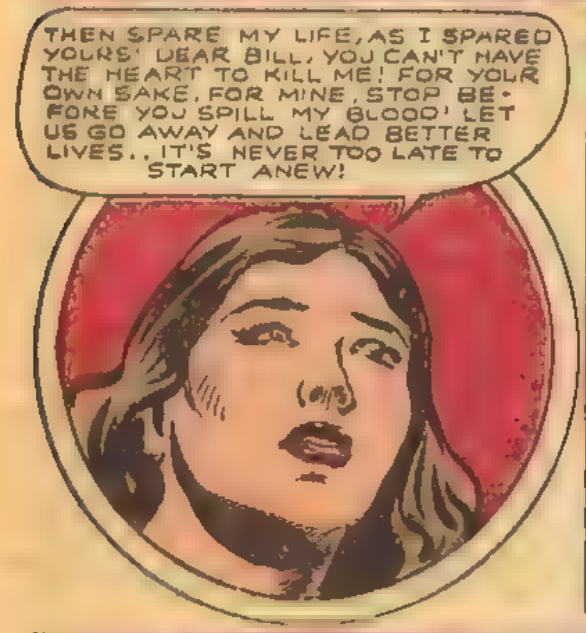
HELL'S FIRE! LET ME GO!
YOU WON'T BE TOO VIOLENT, BILL?

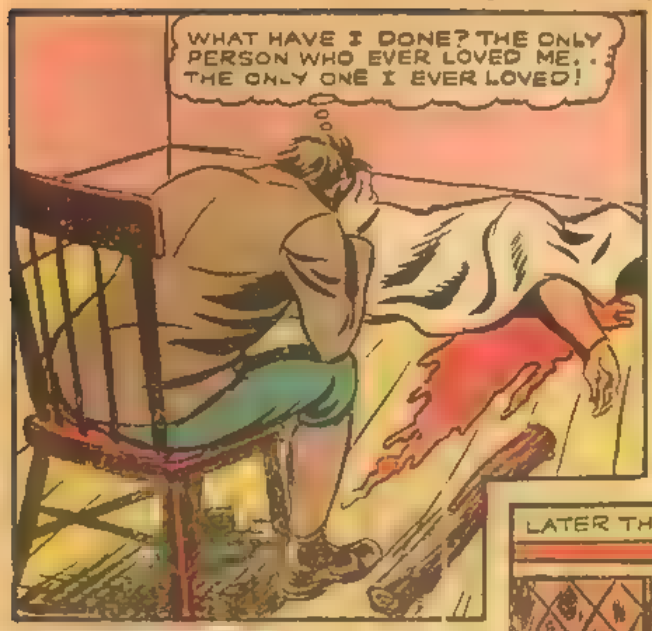
SHE WON'T ESCAPE

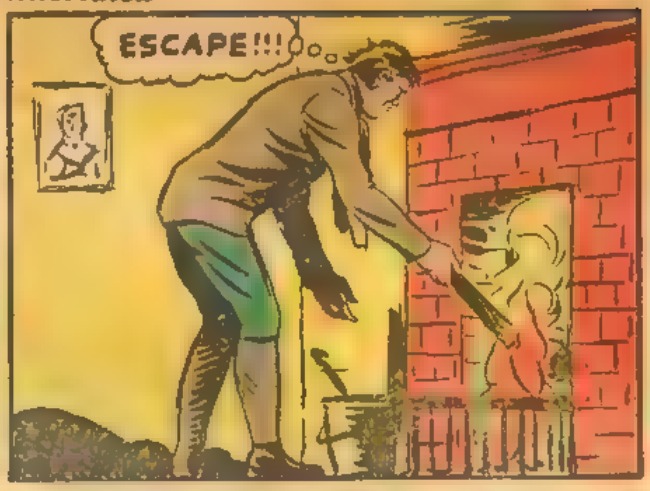
IT'S YOU, BILL!
GET UP!

LET THEM BE! THERE'S LIGHT ENOUGH FOR WHAT I'VE GOT T' DO!
BILL..WHY DO YOU LOOK LIKE THAT AT ME?

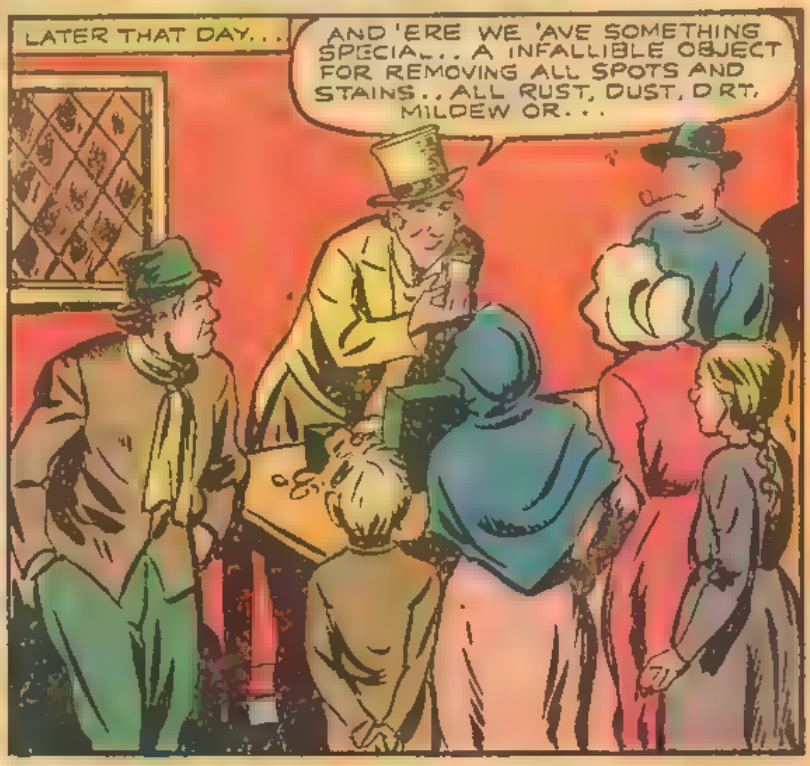
TELL ME WHAT I'VE DONE, BILL.
YOU SHE-DEVIL.. YOU WERE WATCHED TO-NIGHT! EVERY WORD YOU SAID WAS HEARD!

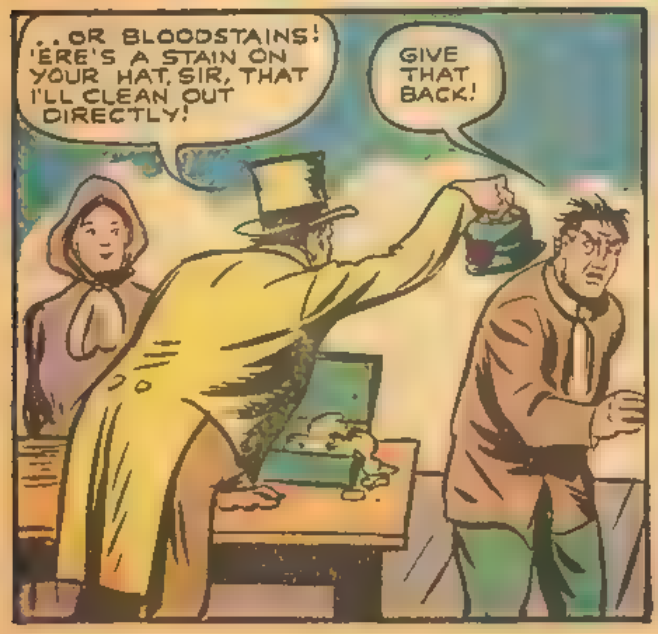

THEN SPARE MY LIFE, AS I SPARED YOURS! DEAR BILL, YOU CAN'T HAVE THE HEART TO KILL ME! FOR YOUR OWN SAKE, FOR MINE, STOP BEFORE YOU SPILL MY BLOOD! LET US GO AWAY AND LEAD BETTER LIVES.. IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO START ANEW!


WHAT HAVE I DONE? THE ONLY PERSON WHO EVER LOVED ME... THE ONLY ONE I EVER LOVED!


ESCAPE!!!

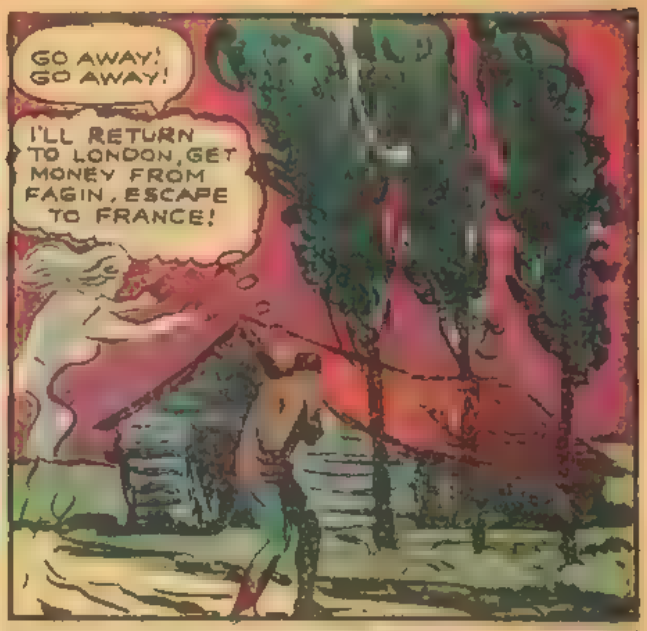
NANCE! HORRORS!

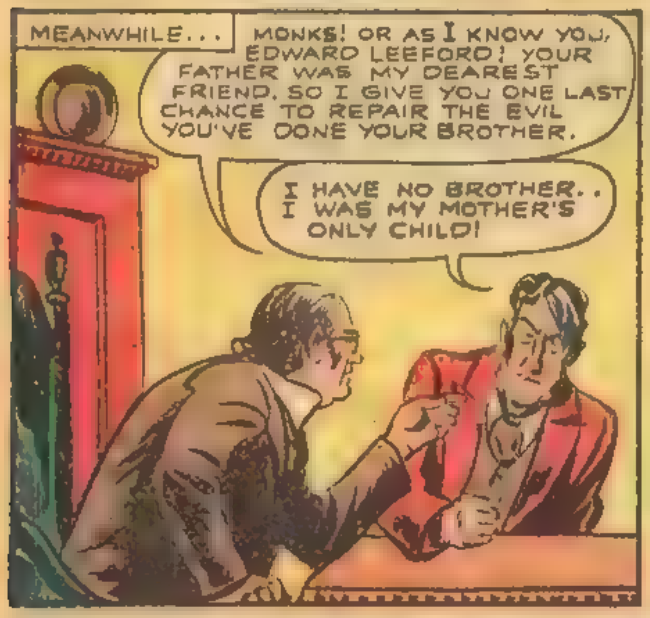

LATER THAT DAY...
AND 'ERE WE 'AVE SOMETHING SPECIAL... A INFALLIBLE OBJECT FOR REMOVING ALL SPOTS AND STAINS.. ALL RUST, DUST, DIRT, MILDEW OR...

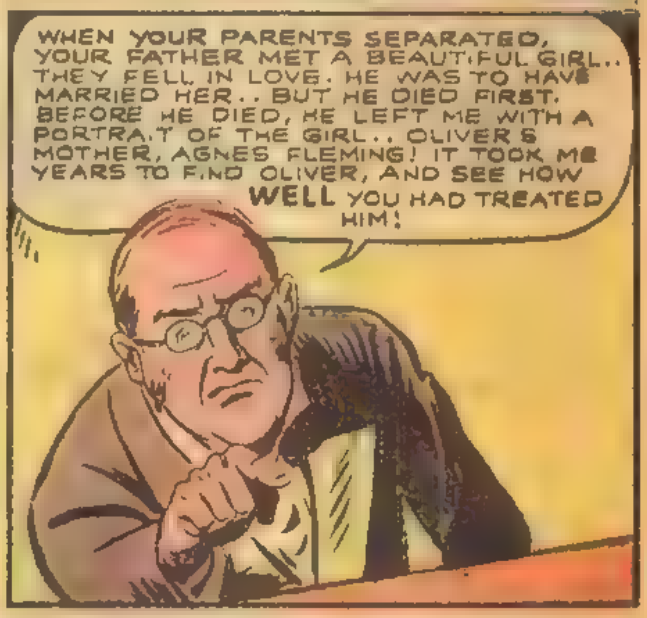

..OR BLOODSTAINS! 'ERE'S A STAIN ON YOUR HAT, SIR, THAT I'LL CLEAN OUT DIRECTLY!
GIVE THAT BACK!

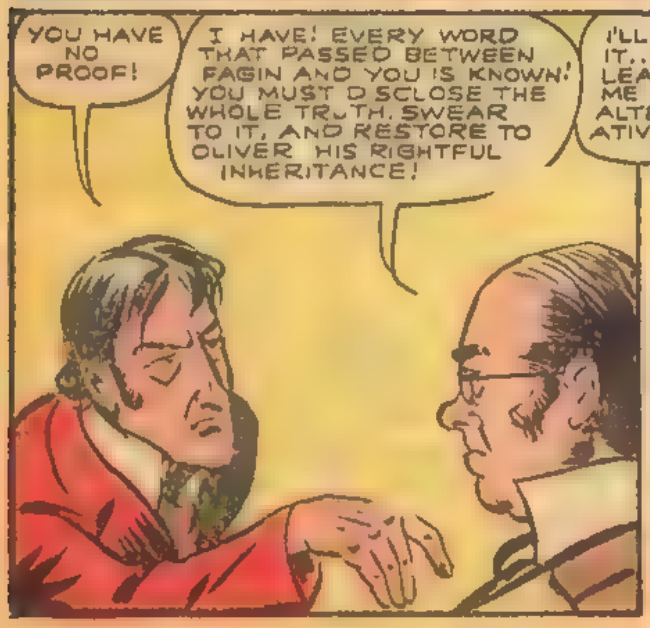
JUST IN TIME! I'LL RUN FURTHER!

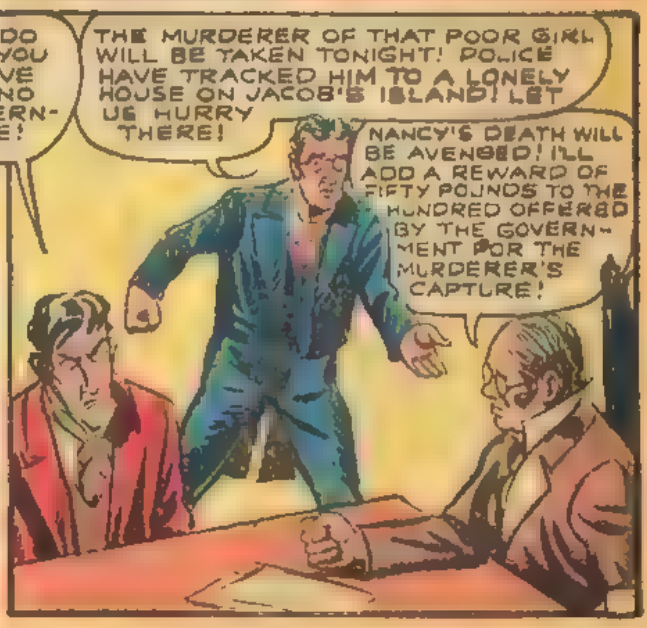
IT FOLLOWS ME YET.

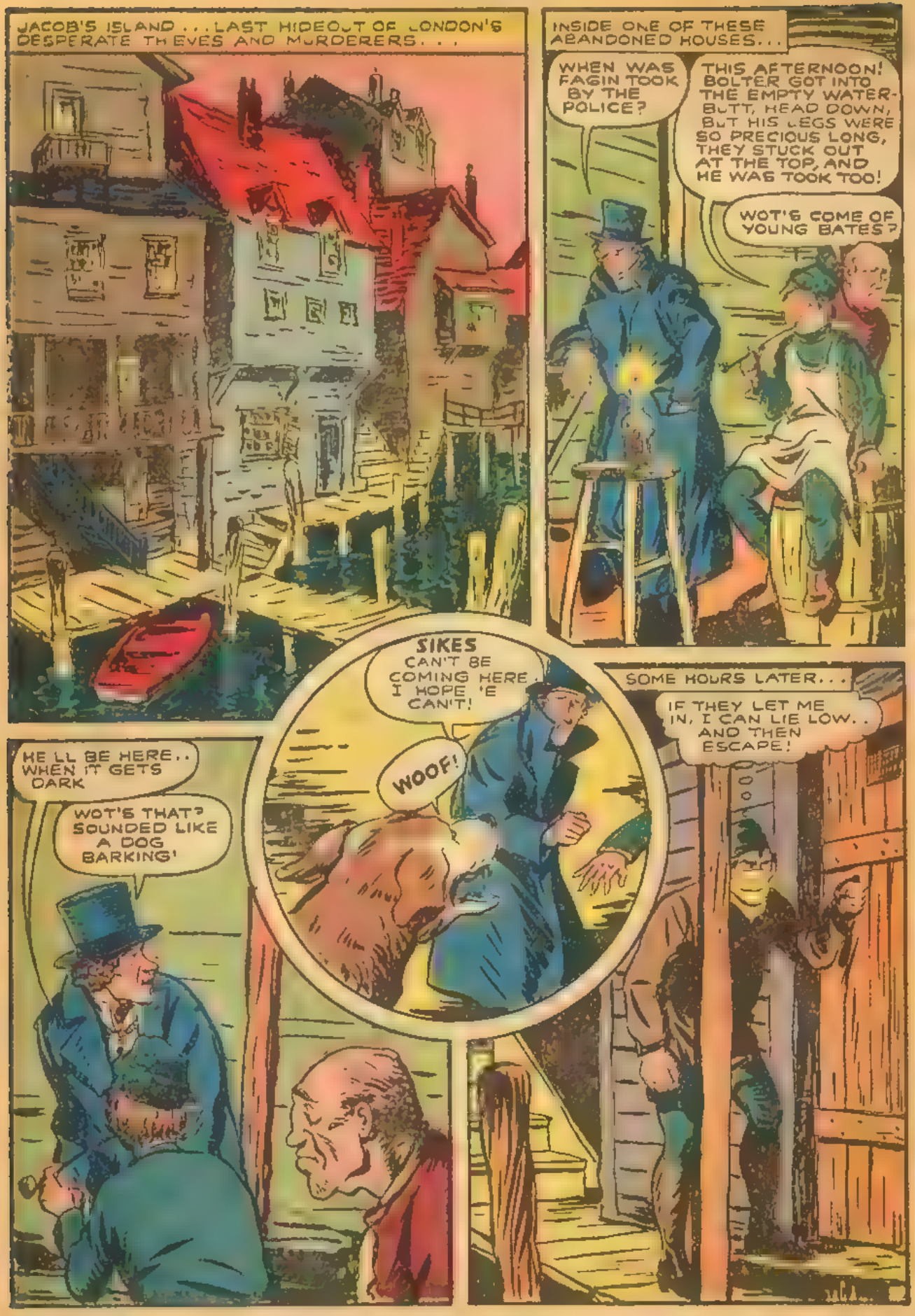

GO AWAY! GO AWAY!
I'LL RETURN TO LONDON, GET MONEY FROM FAGIN, ESCAPE TO FRANCE!


MEANWHILE...
MONKS! OR AS I KNOW YOU, EDWARD LEEFORD! YOUR FATHER WAS MY DEAREST FRIEND. SO I GIVE YOU ONE LAST CHANCE TO REPAIR THE EVIL YOU'VE DONE YOUR BROTHER.
I HAVE NO BROTHER.. I WAS MY MOTHER'S ONLY CHILD!


WHEN YOUR PARENTS SEPARATED, YOUR FATHER MET A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.. THEY FELL IN LOVE. HE WAS TO HAVE MARRIED HER.. BUT HE DIED FIRST. BEFORE HE DIED, HE LEFT ME WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE GIRL.. OLIVER'S MOTHER, AGNES FLEMING! IT TOOK ME YEARS TO FIND OLIVER, AND SEE HOW WELL YOU HAD TREATED HIM!

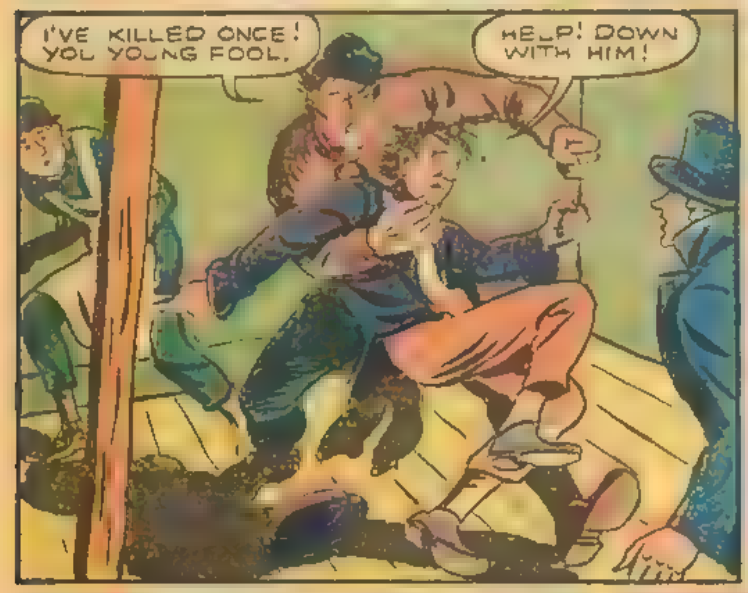

YOU HAVE NO PROOF!
I HAVE! EVERY WORD THAT PASSED BETWEEN FAGIN AND YOU IS KNOWN! YOU MUST DISCLOSE THE WHOLE TRUTH, SWEAR TO IT, AND RESTORE TO OLIVER HIS RIGHTFUL INHERITANCE!
I'LL DO IT.. YOU LEAVE ME NO ALTERNATIVE!


THE MURDERER OF THAT POOR GIRL WILL BE TAKEN TONIGHT! POLICE HAVE TRACKED HIM TO A LONELY HOUSE ON JACOB'S ISLAND! LET US HURRY THERE!
NANCY'S DEATH WILL BE AVENGED! I'LL ADD A REWARD OF FIFTY POUNDS TO THE HUNDRED OFFERED BY THE GOVERNMENT FOR THE MURDERER'S CAPTURE!


JACOB'S ISLAND . . . LAST HIDEOUT OF LONDON'S DESPERATE THIEVES AND MURDERERS . . .
INSIDE ONE OF THESE ABANDONED HOUSES . . .
WHEN WAS FAGIN TOOK BY THE POLICE?
THIS AFTERNOON! BOLTER GOT INTO THE EMPTY WATER-BUTT, HEAD DOWN, BUT HIS LEGS WERE SO PRECIOUS LONG, THEY STUCK OUT AT THE TOP, AND HE WAS TOOK TOO!
WOT'S COME OF YOUNG BATES?
SIKES CAN'T BE COMING HERE. I HOPE 'E CAN'T!
WOOF!
HE'LL BE HERE.. WHEN IT GETS DARK
WOT'S THAT? SOUNDED LIKE A DOG BARKING!
SOME HOURS LATER . . .
IF THEY LET ME IN, I CAN LIE LOW.. AND THEN ESCAPE!

YOU ALL! HAVE YOU NOTHING TO SAY?
THAT MUST BE YOUNG BATES BELOW.
N-NO!

CHARLEY! DON'T YOU KNOW ME?
DON'T COME NEARER.. YOU MONSTER! MURDER! HELP!


I'VE KILLED ONCE! YOU YOUNG FOOL.
HELP! DOWN WITH HIM!

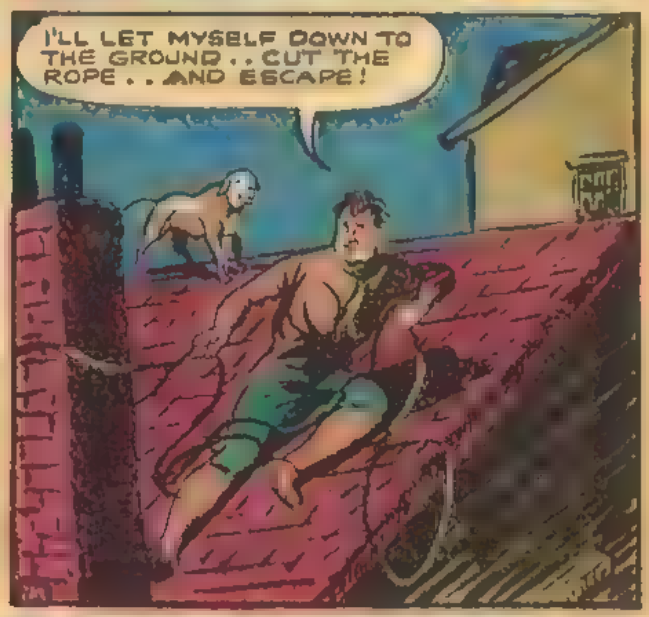
COME OUT, MURDERER!
SHOW YOUR UGLY FACE!
WE'LL GET YOU!
YOU WON'T ESCAPE US!
KILL! KILL!

IN THE KING'S NAME!
THE POLICE!

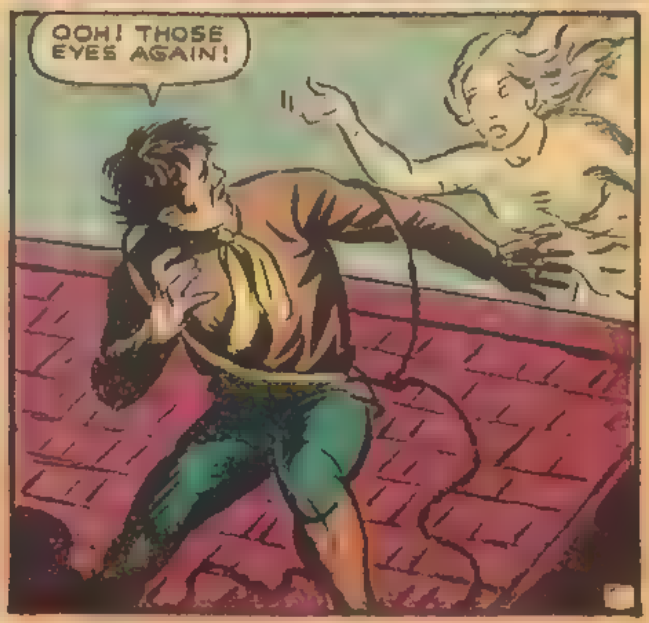
I WILL GIVE FIFTY POUNDS TO THE MAN WHO TAKES HIM ALIVE!
HAH!
LET US AT HIM!
FIFTY POUNDS

QUICK!
UPSTAIRS!
WE'LL GET HIM!

THERE'S STILL ONE CHANCE OF ESCAPE!

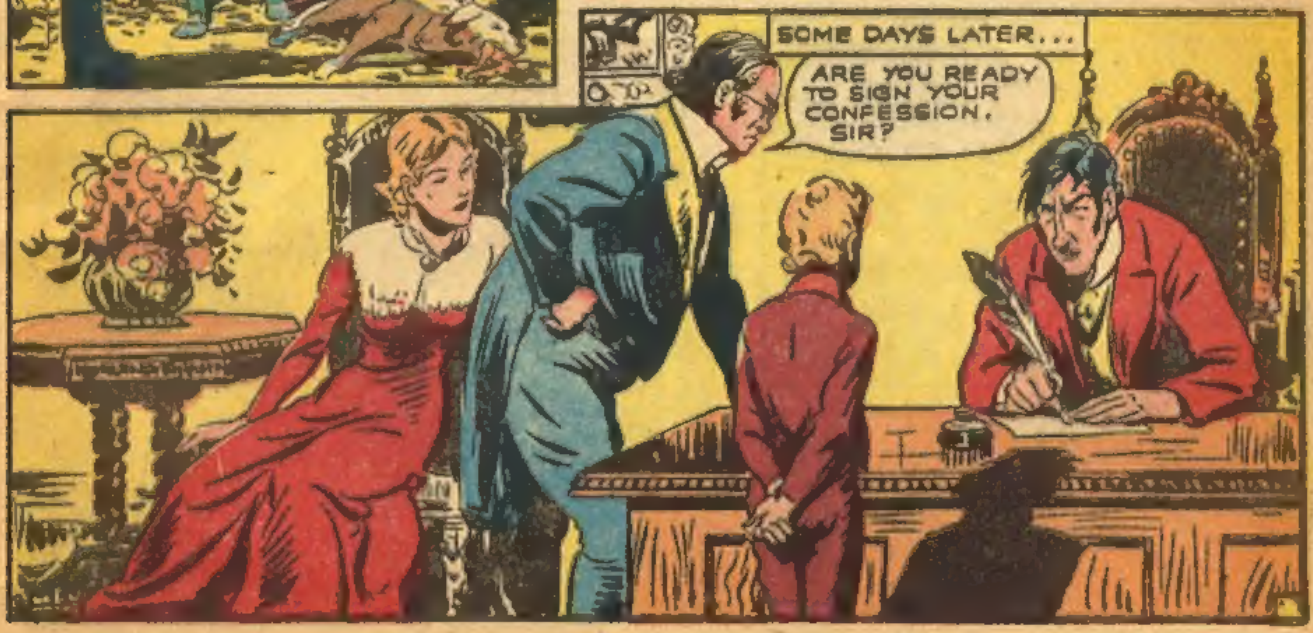

I'LL LET MYSELF DOWN TO THE GROUND . . CUT THE ROPE . . AND ESCAPE!

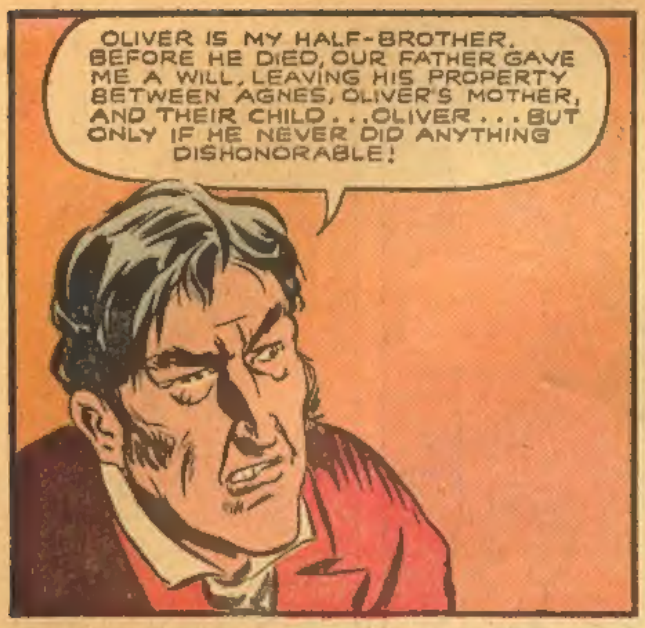
I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!


OOH! THOSE EYES AGAIN!

NANCE.. I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO IT!

GOOD RIDDANCE!
WHO'LL GET THE REWARD?
FIT FOR A MURDERER!
A DOG'S DEATH!


SOME DAYS LATER...
ARE YOU READY TO SIGN YOUR CONFESSION, SIR?

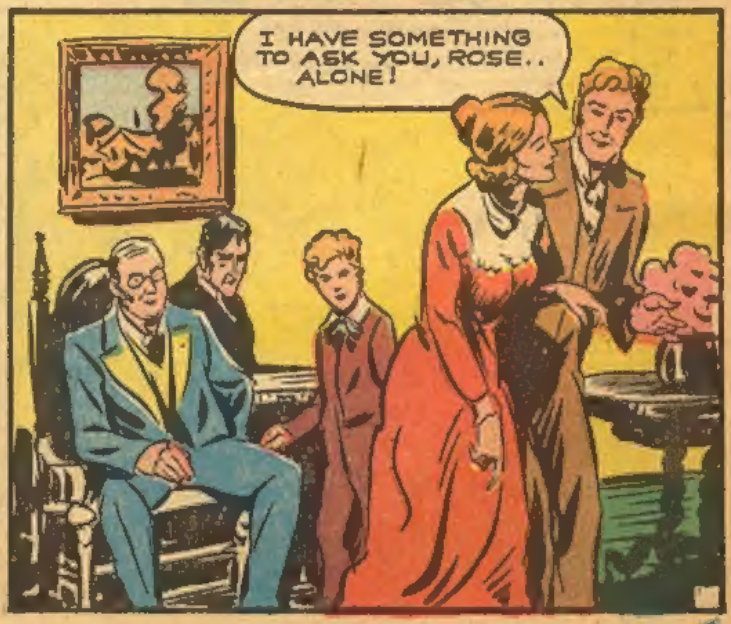

OLIVER IS MY HALF-BROTHER. BEFORE HE DIED, OUR FATHER GAVE ME A WILL, LEAVING HIS PROPERTY BETWEEN AGNES, OLIVER'S MOTHER, AND THEIR CHILD...OLIVER...BUT ONLY IF HE NEVER DID ANYTHING DISHONORABLE!

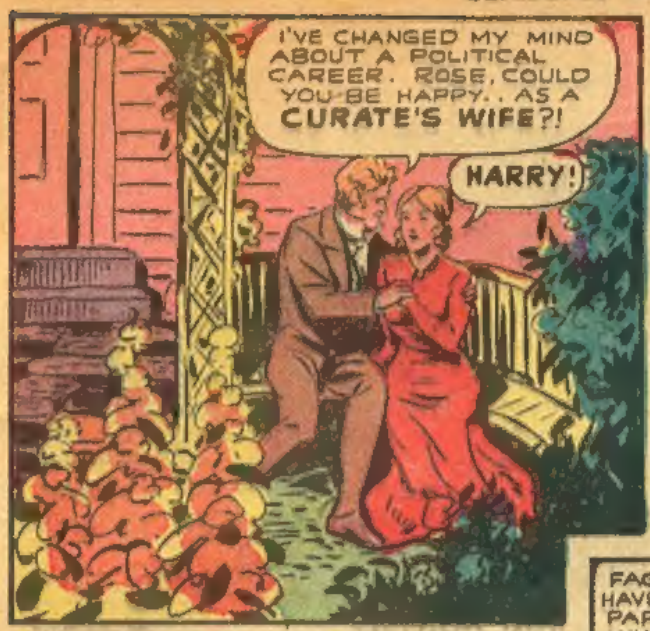
THAT WAS WHY YOU BRIBED FAGIN TO TRY AND MAKE A THIEF OUT OF OLIVER?
YES..I HATED THE THOUGHT OF HIM.. I HAD TO HUNT HIM DOWN.

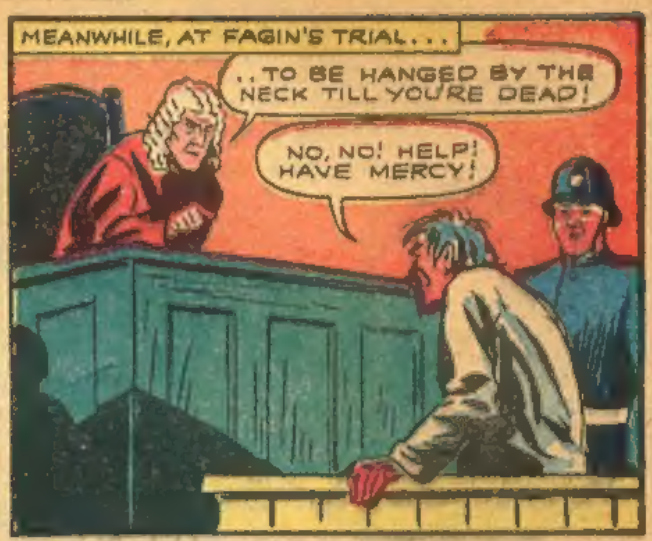
THE FATHER OF AGNES FLEMING HAD *TWO* CHILDREN. WHAT BECAME OF THE OTHER?
THERE SHE IS.. THE GIRL YOU CALL ROSE!

THEN..I'M YOUR AUNT, OLIVER!
BUT YOU ARE MORE LIKE MY SISTER, ROSE DEAR!

THIS TIME..I WON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER!

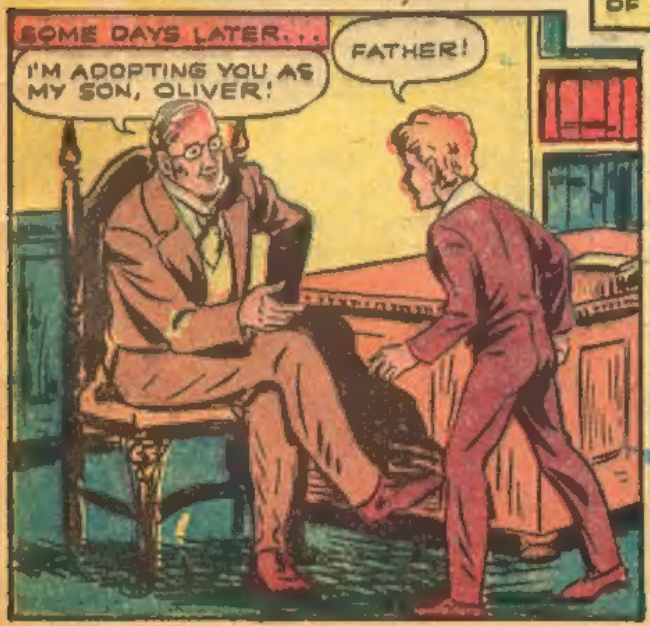

I HAVE SOMETHING TO ASK YOU, ROSE.. ALONE!

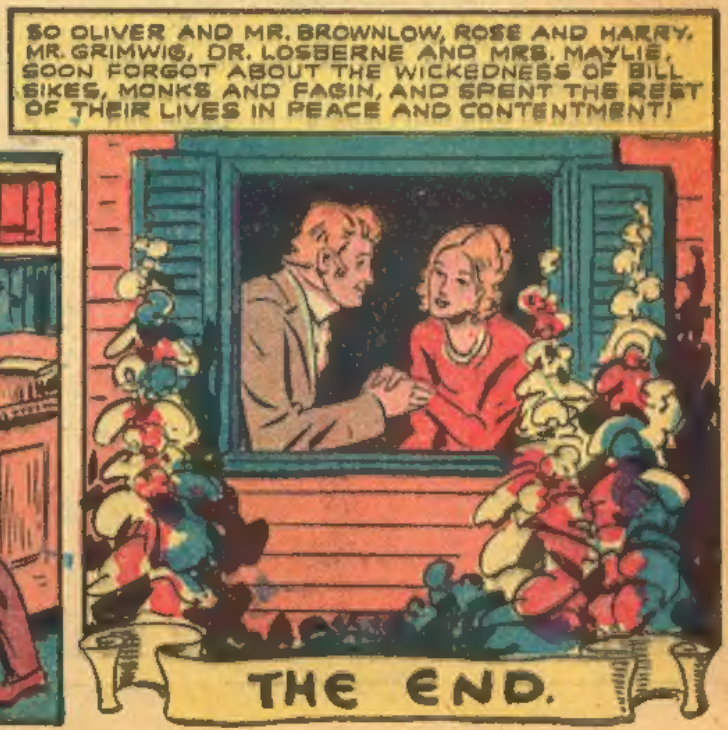

I'VE CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT A POLITICAL CAREER. ROSE, COULD YOU BE HAPPY.. AS A CURATE'S WIFE?!
HARRY!


MEANWHILE, AT FAGIN'S TRIAL...
..TO BE HANGED BY THE NECK TILL YOU'RE DEAD!
NO, NO! HELP! HAVE MERCY!

ONE MORE HOUR TO LIVE! THEY CAN'T KILL OLD FAGIN! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG! WHAT'S THAT? FOOTSTEPS?

FAGIN, YOU HAVE SOME PAPERS WHICH MONKS GAVE YOU. WHERE ARE THEY?
IN A HOLE UP THE CHIMNEY IN MY ROOM...OLIVER! TELL THE PEOPLE OUTSIDE I'VE GONE TO SLEEP...GET ME OUT OF HERE ...HAVE MERCY ON ME... HELP ME TO ESCAPE!
GOD FORGIVE YOU!


SOME DAYS LATER...
I'M ADOPTING YOU AS MY SON, OLIVER!
FATHER!


SO OLIVER AND MR. BROWNLOW, ROSE AND HARRY, MR. GRIMWIG, DR. LOSBERNE AND MRS. MAYLIE, SOON FORGOT ABOUT THE WICKEDNESS OF BILL SIKES, MONKS AND FAGIN, AND SPENT THE REST OF THEIR LIVES IN PEACE AND CONTENTMENT!
THE END.

CHARLES DICKENS

BORN February 17, 1812—DIED June 9, 1870

From earliest childhood Charles Dickens had a deep conviction that he was destined for greatness. What form that greatness would take was not manifested for many years, but he never for a moment doubted his destiny.

Charles Dickens was the son of John Dickens, a government employee whose income and bills never came out even. When his creditors finally caught up with him and he was thrown into debtors' prison, young Charles was so deeply impressed that he vowed to attain freedom from poverty and debt. At this low ebb in the family fortunes he was put to work wrapping pots in a blacking factory. Although he did his work with amazing expertness, he deeply resented what he considered the most humiliating phase of his life.

An unexpected legacy freed John Dickens from prison and Charles from his hated work. After another year of school he worked in a lawyer's office. Disliking this, he taught himself shorthand and got a job as a newspaper reporter. No other reporter in London could rival Charles Dickens in the accuracy of his news, the promptness with which he met deadlines, his amazing ability to get the news first.

His spare time was devoted to writing short stories, incorporating in them the people he knew, the people he met on the street, the people he created out of his fertile imagination, investing each with that unmistakable Dickensian touch. At last one of his stories was printed, and launched him on the career that was to justify his premonition of greatness. Then came the PICKWICK PAPERS which caught the public fancy immediately. OLIVER TWIST came next, based on the sights and characters Dickens had seen in his wanderings as a reporter.

During these early successes Dickens had married Miss Catherine Hogarth, and his family rapidly increased till there were nine children in all. His fortunes had also increased, and he moved from one house to another, each a little grander than the last.

Dickens' popularity grew. He was as well known in America as at home. He finally crossed the Atlantic and was greeted with characteristic American enthusiasm. However, to young Dickens the people in America appeared to be a crude, boisterous lot, who chewed tobacco, kept slaves, and had no respect for international copyrights. He had no hesitancy in expressing his views and on his return to England wrote scathing reports of America in MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT and AMERICAN NOTES.

DAVID COPPERFIELD was as nearly an autobiography as Dickens ever wrote. In it he immortalized his father in the person of Mr. Micawber and himself as David.

Bent on accumulating as much money as possible to avoid the spectre of poverty that had stalked his youth, Dickens embarked on a successful and highly profitable tour of readings from his works. A very tempting offer from America lured him across the Atlantic again. The Americans received him with unprecedented acclaim. Forgotten were the cruel things he had said of them. He repudiated these things at a banquet tendered him by the press at Delmonico's in New York, and made an eloquent plea for friendship and understanding between the two English-speaking nations.

Shortly after his return to England Charles Dickens, his destiny fulfilled, died, leaving behind him the immortal characters he had created. Little Dorrit, Oliver Twist, Barnaby Rudge, and a host of others are an enduring monument to his greatness.